

NO.5  
DEC.  
10¢

# STARS and STRIPES

## COMICS



*Pepper, Van  
AND Whitey*  
IN ANOTHER SIZZ-  
LING, STARTLING,  
SMASHING ADVEN-  
TURE!!

MYRON  
STRAUSS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# The STARS and STRIPES

"MYRON STRAUSS"

WANTED BY THE AUTHORITIES FOR RETURN TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN A DICTATOR NATION WHERE THEY DID NOT COMMIT FOR CRIMES THEY DID NOT COMMIT. THREE YOUNG AMERICANS HAVE PAINT ED THEIR PRISON SUITS RED, WHITE, AND BLUE AND BECAME KNOWN AS THAT HARD-FIGHTING, THREE MAN ARMY OF PATRIOTS THE STARS AND STRIPES! THESE THREE MEN ARE IN REALITY, PATRICK J. O'HENRY, EX-NEWS PAPER CORRESPONDENT NICKNAMED PEPPER; BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN, ONE TIME DIPLOMATIC AS AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS "WHITNEY"; AND VANCE STYVESAN, A WEALTHY PLAYBOY, NOW KNOWN AS VAN!

COGNITO AS TOURISTS, PEPPER, VAN AND WHITEY ARE STAYING AT MOON VALLEY, THAT FABULOUS MIDWESTERN WINTER RESORT!!

WHAT A SWELL VACATION THIS IS GOING TO BE, WITH ALL THE WINTER SPORTS AND...

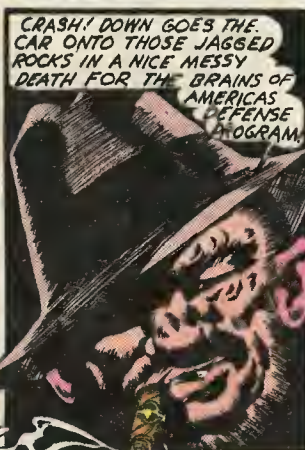
HOLD ON, PEPPER! DON'T FORGET WE'RE COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE HERE!

WHITEY'S RIGHT, PEPPER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO ALL THOSE IMPORTANT HEADS OF THE DEFENSE PROGRAM WHO ARE HOLDING A SECRET CONVENTION OK, FELLOWS HERE!

MY MISTAKE BUT IT'S FUN TOO!













...IT'S THOSE GUYS WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE STARS AND STRIPES!

THEY'RE COMING ALONG THE CABLE TOWARD US HAND OVER HAND!

SHOOT THEM!



WE'RE MISSING EVERY SHOT?

TAKE IT EASY WE'RE NERVOUS AND THYRE MOVING AROUND TOO FAST!



BUT IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES THEY'LL BE AT THE END OF THE CABLE UNDER THE TOWER, HERE!



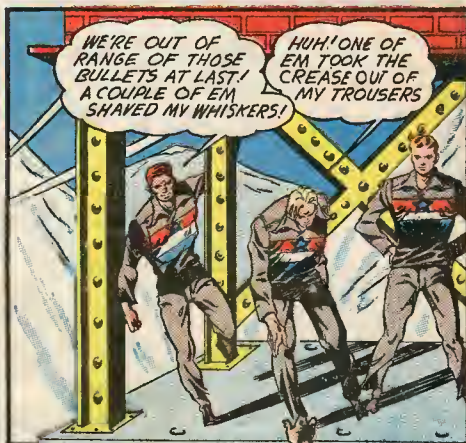
THOSE STARS AND STRIPES GUYS MUST HAVE FALLEN TRYING TO CLIMB ONTO THE TOWER!

GOOD RIDDANCE! KEEP JUGGLING THOSE CONTROLS! THE CABLE CAR IS SWINGING MORE WILDLY! IT'LL SNAP THE CABLE ANY MOMENT!



SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US FROM THE TOWER!

KEEP SWINGING AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. THAT'LL MAKE US HARD TO HIT!



WE'RE OUT OF RANGE OF THOSE BULLETS AT LAST! A COUPLE OF EM SHAVED MY WHISKERS!

HUH! ONE OF EM TOOK THE CREASE OUT OF MY TROUSERS



GET AWAY FROM THOSE CONTROLS YOU MURDERING SWINE!

IT...IT'S THEM!

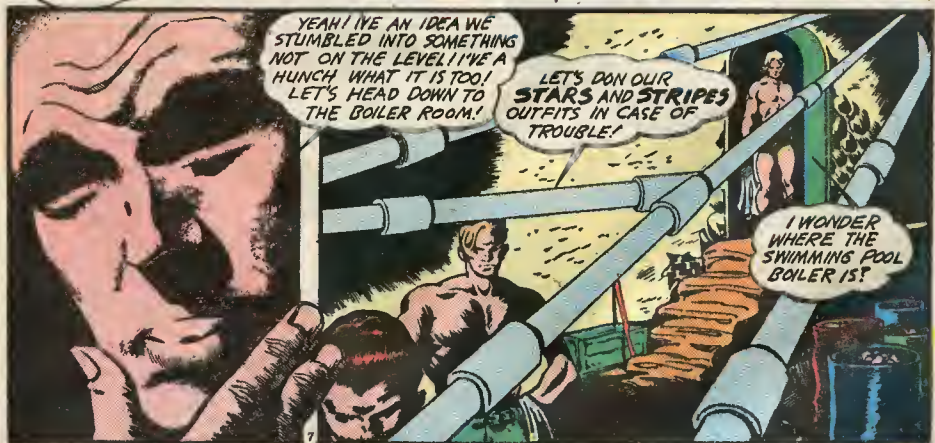
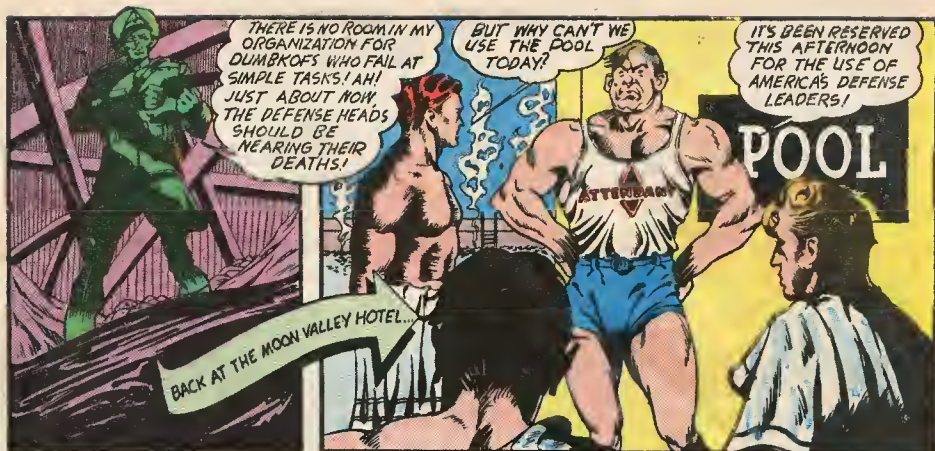




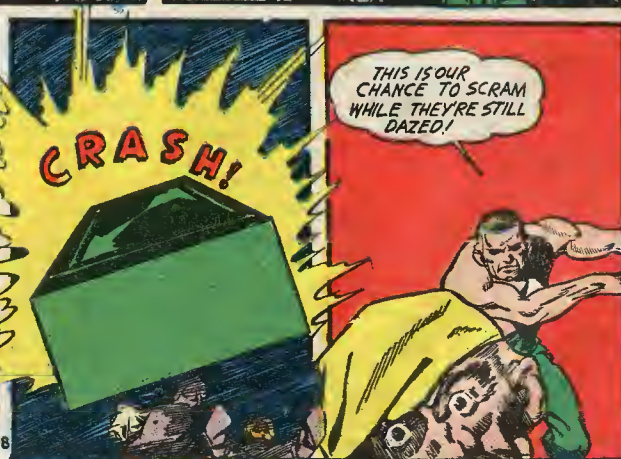
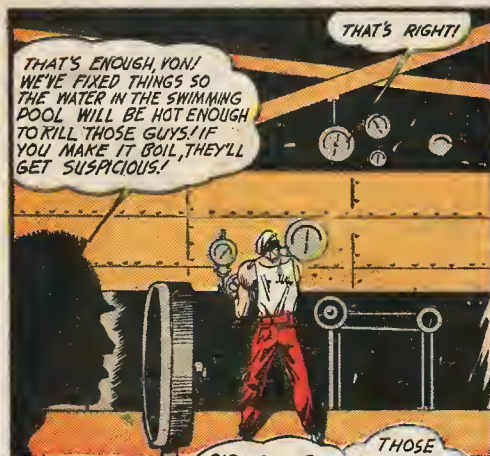










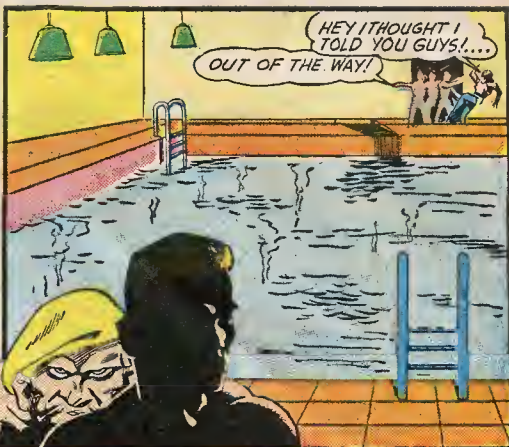






HURRY!  
AFTER  
THEM!

THEY HEADED  
TOWARD THE POOL  
ENTRANCE!



HEY I THOUGHT I  
TOLD YOU GUYS!...  
OUT OF THE WAY!



THIS IS ONE WAY  
TO SAVE TIME!

HERE THEY COME  
AFTER US!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!  
KNOCK THEM INTO THE  
SCALDING WATER!

THEY DIDN'T STAND A  
CHANCE IN THAT POOL!  
THEY WERE SCALDED  
TO DEATH!

EEEEK!



THEY MET  
THE FATE THEY  
PLANNED FOR  
OTHERS!

JUST TO MAKE SURE  
NO ONE ELSE DIES  
IN THAT POOL, WE'LL  
LET THE WATER  
OUT! ....

...THEN GET  
BACK TO OUR  
REGULAR  
CLOTHES!



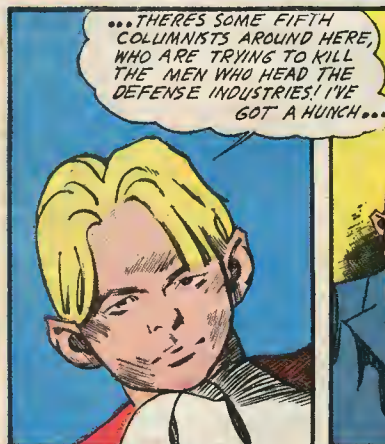


WHILE IN THE DINING ROOM  
OF THE HOTEL...

HERE COMES THAT KID  
MOVIE STAR WHO'S ON  
VACATION HERE!



EVENING, FOLKS! HEAR  
WHAT HAPPENED AT THE  
SWIMMING POOL? IT'S THE  
SECOND PHONY ACCIDENT  
TODAY! IF YOU ASK ME  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
GOING ON AROUND  
HERE!...



HO! HO! NICKY YOU'RE  
LETTING YOUR  
IMAGINATION RUN  
WILD!



SO YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY EH!  
I'LL SHOW YOU! I KNOW  
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING  
ON, AND I'M GOING TO PROVE  
IT!

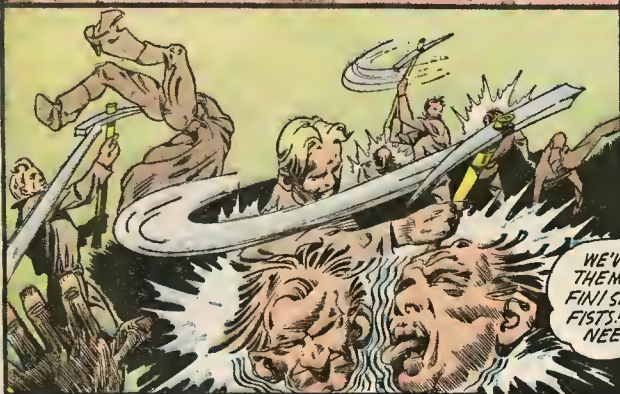








THE SUDDEN SAVAGENESS OF THE STARS AND STRIPES' ATTACK, CATCHES THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS FLATFOOTED!...



WE'VE WHITTLED THEM DOWN ENOUGH TO FINISH 'EM WITH OUR FISTS! OH OH! WHITEY NEEDS HELP!

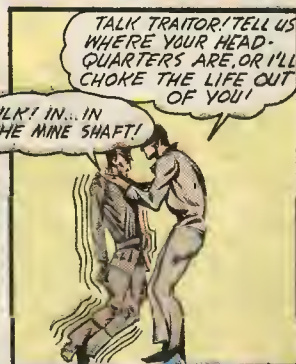


ONE STRIKE, AND YOU'RE OUT!



ALLEY OOP!

KAMERAD!



TALK TRAITOR! TELL US WHERE YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS ARE OR I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!

ULK! IN... IN THE MINE SHAFT!

THE GUESTS JOIN THE BATTLE AND KOWSER AND HIS MEN ARE DOWNED



WOW! THE STARS N' STRIPES! THEY FELLOWS! THESE PRISONERS ARE THE HOTEL EMPLOYEES! SET US FREE!

SO THIS IS WHERE KOWSER AND THE OTHERS WERE HANGING OUT!



SURE THING RICKY!

GOSH I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU FELLOWS IN PERSON! WILL YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SIGNING MY AUTOGRAPH FOR A MOVIE STAR!



FIGHT FOR AMERICA WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



# THE SHARK



THROUGH THE  
CLOSELY GUARDED  
PANAMA CANAL ZONE  
A STATIC FILLED  
MESSAGE BREAKS  
INTO ALL RADIO  
WAVE LENGTHS —

THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, ENDOWED WITH ENORMOUS STRENGTH AND POSSESSED OF A SUPER TELEVISION SET. FATHER NEPTUNE, "POP" IS THE SHARK'S FATHER.





GET DE BOYS TOGETHER  
AND LET'S GET GOING!

A SMALL BAND OF HARD,  
BITTER FACED MEN BEGIN TO  
CROWD ABOUT THE CANAL  
GATE...

GET THAT GUY STANDING  
OVER THERE, FIRST!



THEN AS IF BY A SILENT SIGNAL,  
THE HOLLOW THUMPING OF MANY  
FEET THUNDER ALONG THE  
WOODEN WARFS THRU THE  
CANAL GATE, AND PAST THE  
PITIFUL FIGURE OF THE  
DYING GUARD....



ANOTHER MUFFLED REPORT AS  
THE MURDERERS AGAIN LEAVE A  
DYING GUARD BEHIND!...



QUICK GET DOWN TO THE  
PUMPS AND WRECK 'EM... THERE'S  
A FREIGHTER COMIN' INTO ONE OF  
THE LOCKS NOW!

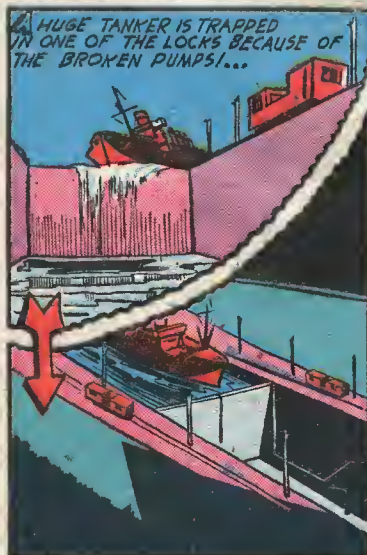
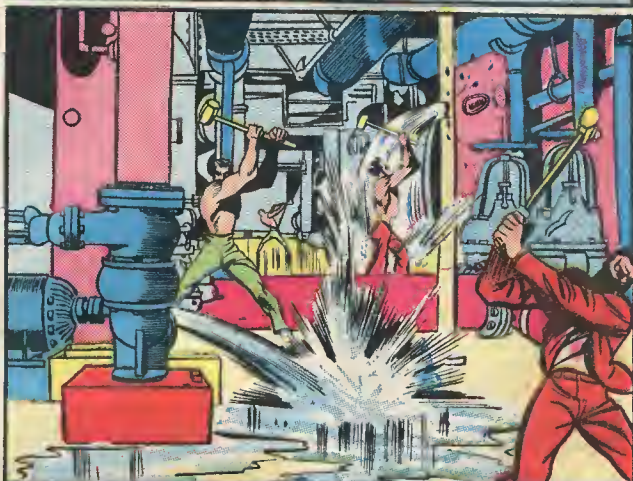
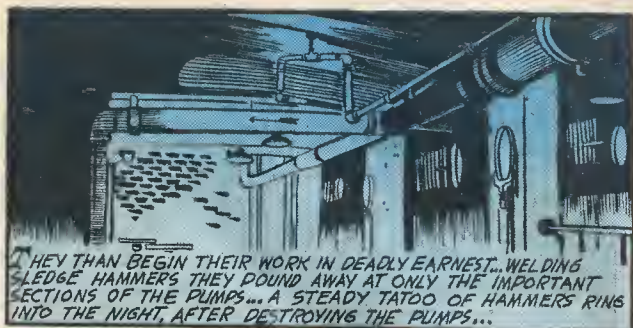


MAKE IT SNAPPY!





OVERPOWERING THE GUARDS...





WELL, AT WAS FINE WORK EH!  
BOYS!!! HAW! HAW! BUT WAIT'LL  
THA' AIRCRAFT CARRIER COMES!

BUT TWO POWERFUL FIGURES  
WATCH THE **SHARK** AND  
FATHER NEPTUNE. A SUDDEN  
SPARK IN THEIR EYES AS  
THEY THINK OF THE FIGHT  
AHEAD! THEN THE SPARK  
IS GONE AS THEY THINK  
OF THE GANGSTERS  
RUTHLESSNESS!...

OUT OF THE WATER ZIPS THE  
TWO FIGURES INTENT UPON  
DESTROYING THIS MENACE!

UP AND AT'EM  
POP!

RIGHT BEHIND  
YOU SON!

THE **SHARK**!





ALL BUT ONE SUFFERS THE DEADLY BLOWS...

SPILL!

WHEN THE SHARK APPEARS AT 72<sup>ND</sup> ST.

WE DON'T KNOW NUTTIN WE GET ORDERS FROM A LITTLE GUY ON 607-72<sup>ND</sup> STREET!

WHAT DA!

GOOD MORNIN' MISTER SHARK! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA!

I'LL TAKE THESE BUMS TO THE MILITARY POLICE, WHILE YOU GO AFTER THEIR LEADER! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL NEED ANY HELP!

I'M READY FOR YOU!

THE LITTLE FELLOW DASHES PAST THE SHARK AS IF ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE!

WHAT'S THIS WHO'S THIS LITTLE MAN?

BUT HE SEIZES A HARMLESS LOOKING BOTTLE AND...

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YA!

I'M BLIND! THAT STUFF MUST'VE BEEN ACID!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

I'M BLIND BLIND! OH!

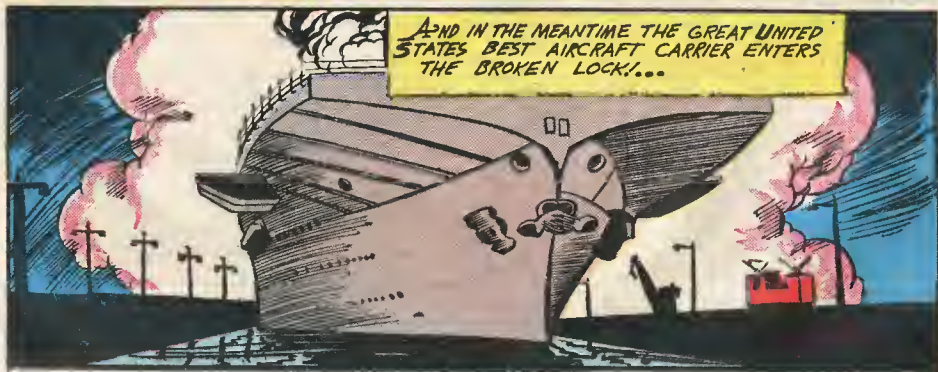
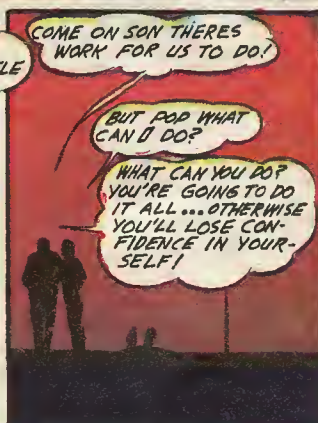
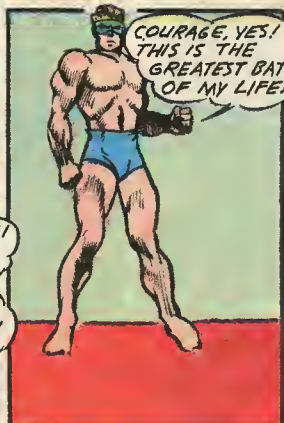
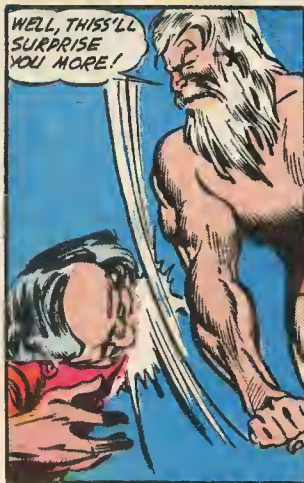
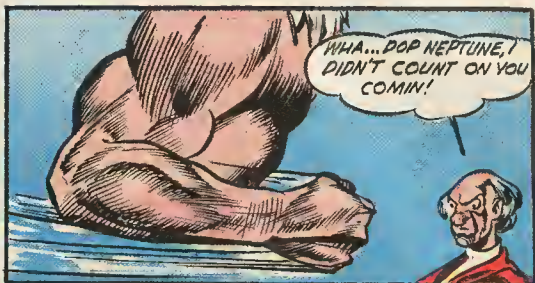
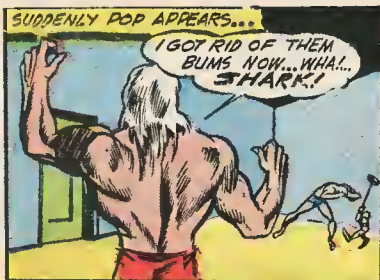
HE! YES! HEH!

THE SHARK TRIES HELPLESSLY TO WARD OFF THE DEADLY BLOWS...

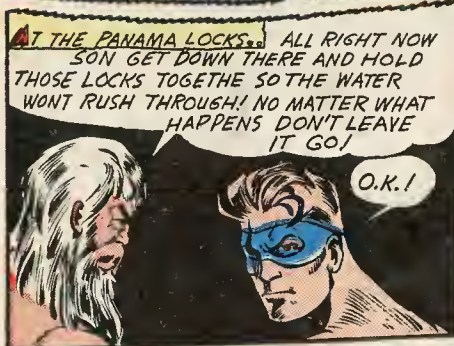
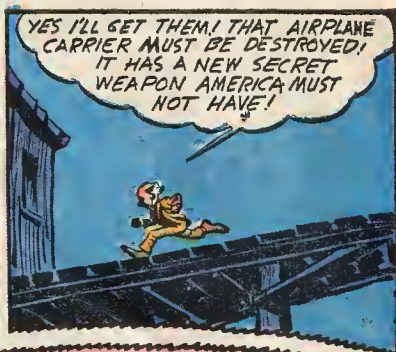
YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH A LITTLE MAN LIKE ME, EH! HEH! HEH!

THE LITTLE IMP DANCES THE HELPLESS SHARK POUNDING UNMERCIFULLY...





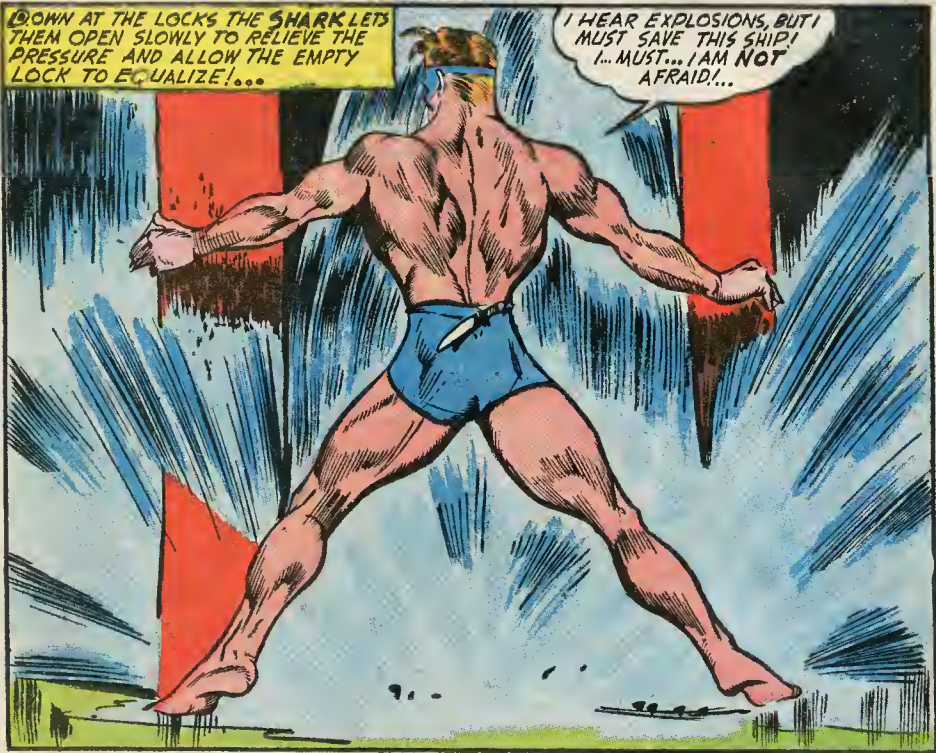




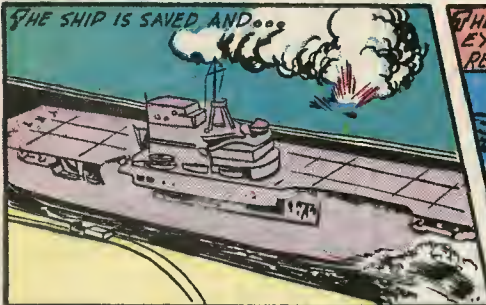


DOWN AT THE LOCKS THE SHARK LETS THEM OPEN SLOWLY TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE AND ALLOW THE EMPTY LOCK TO EQUALIZE!...

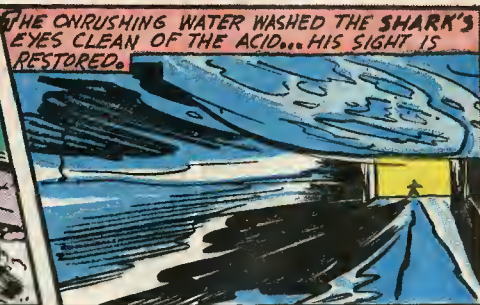
I HEAR EXPLOSIONS, BUT I MUST SAVE THIS SHIP! I... MUST... I AM NOT AFRAID!...



THE SHIP IS SAVED AND...



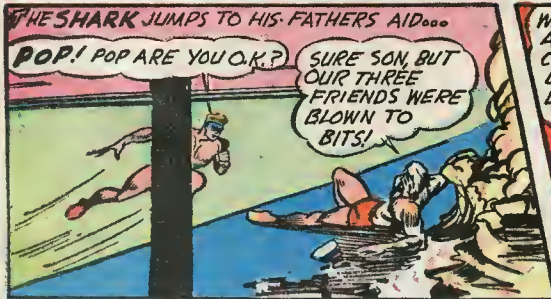
THE ONRUSHING WATER WASHED THE SHARK'S EYES CLEAN OF THE ACID... HIS SIGHT IS RESTORED.



THE SHARK JUMPS TO HIS FATHERS AID...

POP! POP ARE YOU O.K.?

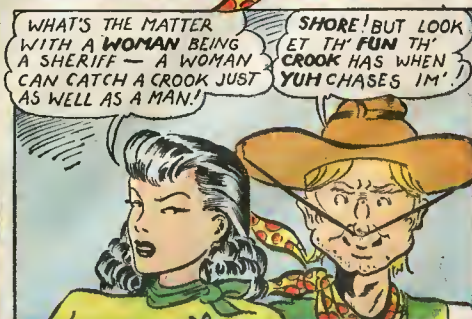
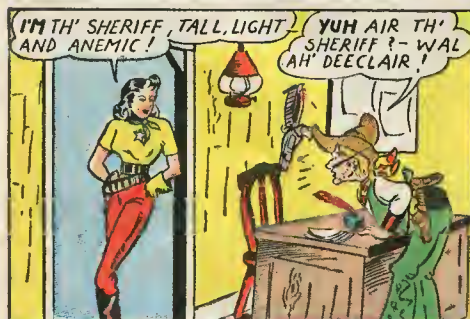
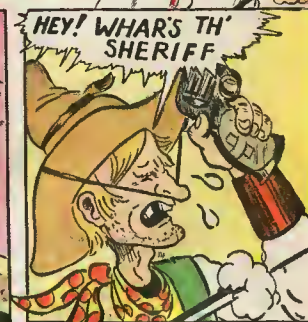
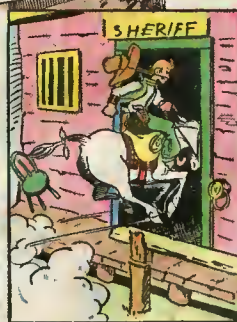
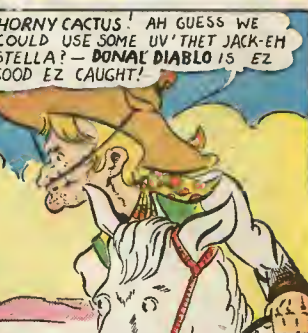
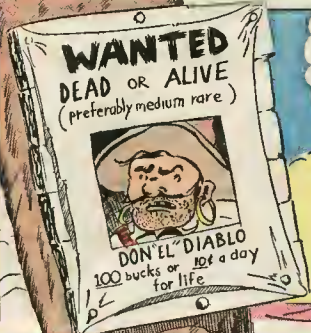
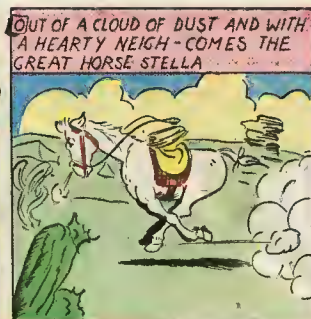
SURE SON, BUT OUR THREE FRIENDS WERE BLOWN TO BITS!



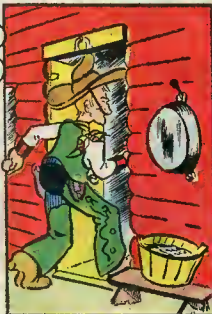
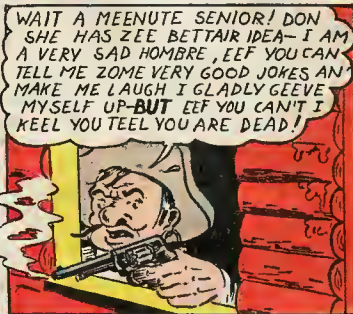
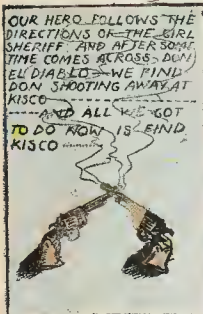
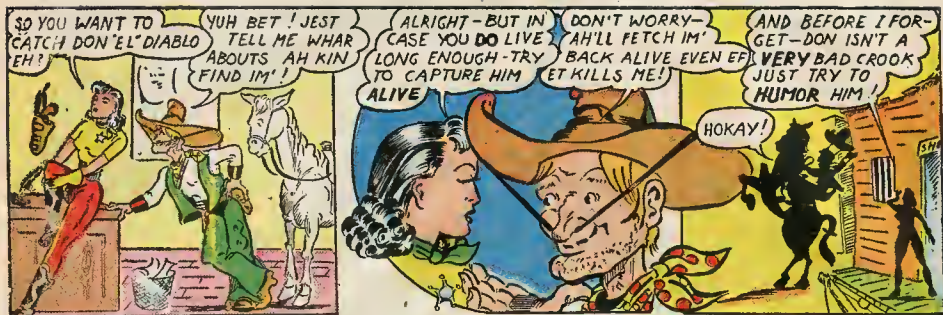
WELL POP NOW THAT WE'RE BOTH O.K. AND THE CANAL IS SAFE, PLUS THE CROOKS BEING CAPTURED OR DEAD, I GUESS WE'RE FINISHED EH! LET'S GO!













# MINIMIDGET



IN THE KINGDOM OF CORAN, KING MUNG THE TERROR, IS IN A WICKED MOOD HE DEMANDS TO BE AMUSED. MINIMIDGET AND RITTY GIVE HIM ALL THE AMUSEMENT HE WANTS AND MORE.

John F. Kolb

## IN THE PALACE

I SAID I WANT TO BE AMUSED NOT BORED!

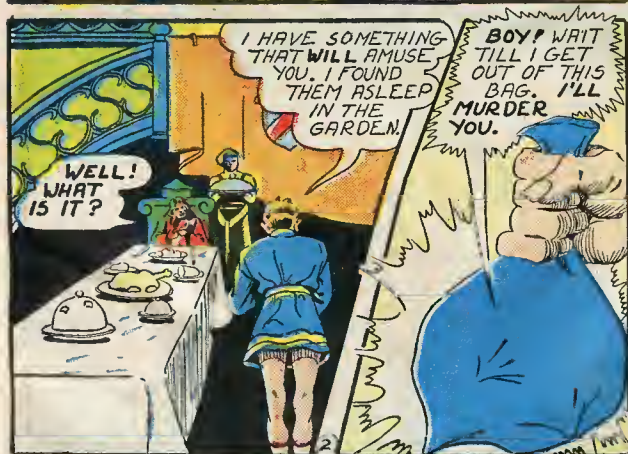
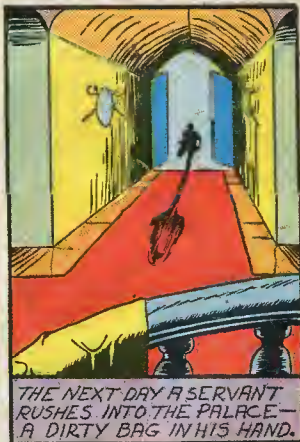
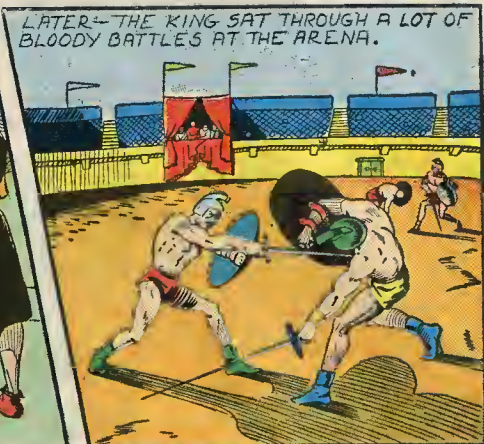


HE'S TERRIBLE! BEAT HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE DUNGEONS.

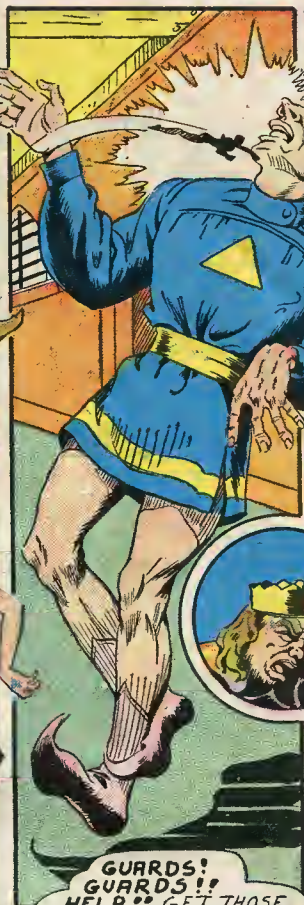
NO! NO!













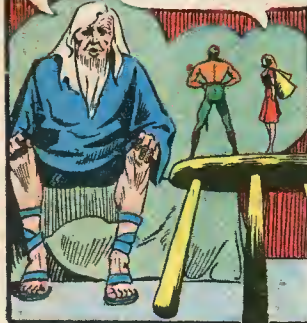
UPSTAIRS THE GUARDS  
RIPPED THE PALACE APART  
LOOKING FOR THEM.



IN THE CELLAR.



WELL, BLESS MY EYES.  
ARE YOU REALLY  
THAT SMALL OR  
AM I GOING  
CRAZY?



YOU LOOK LIKE  
YOU HAVE BEEN HERE  
A LONG TIME. WHO  
ARE YOU?



I AM KING REX. I WAS  
THROWN IN HERE TEN  
YEARS AGO BY MUNG,  
WHEN HE STOLE THE  
THRONE. NOBODY KNOWS  
I'M ALIVE.



MUNG IS SMART AND  
CRUEL. HE KEPT ME HERE  
ALIVE, JUST SO HE CAN  
LAUGH AT ME.



WE HAVE TO GET  
YOU OUT OF HERE  
AND RESTORE YOU  
TO THE THRONE.  
BUT WE NEED HELP.



GO TO MERDIN THE  
MAGICIAN, ON THE  
EDGE OF THE BLACK  
SWAMP. TELL HIM  
I SENT YOU. HE  
WILL HELP YOU!







THERE IT IS!  
THAT'S  
MERDIN'S  
PLACE!

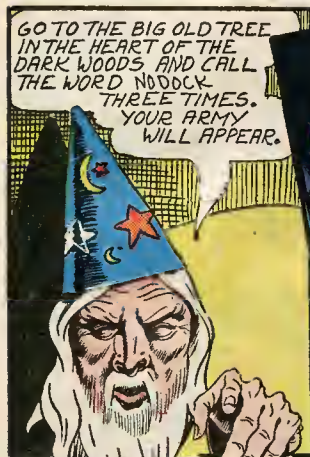
ON THE EDGE OF THE  
BLACK SWAMP.

IN THE HOUSE OF MERDIN  
THE MAGICIAN.



I AM AN OLD MAN NOW  
BUT I CAN SEND YOU TO AN  
ARMY THAT IS BRAVE  
AND STRONG.

WHERE IS  
IT?



GO TO THE BIG OLD TREE  
IN THE HEART OF THE  
DARK WOODS AND CALL  
THE WORD NODOCK  
THREE TIMES.  
YOUR ARMY  
WILL APPEAR.



INTO THE HEART OF THE  
DARK WOODS WENT  
MINIMIDGET AND RITTY.



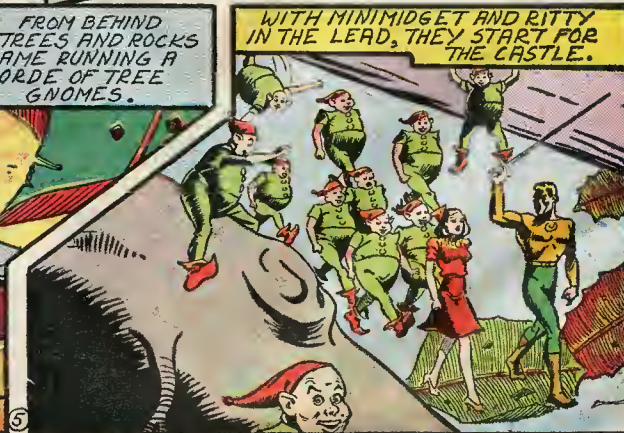
AT THE BIG OLD TREE.

NODOCK!  
NODOCK!  
NODOCK!!

LOOK!



FROM BEHIND  
TREES AND ROCKS  
CAME RUNNING A  
HORDE OF TREE  
GNOMES.



WITH MINIMIDGET AND RITTY  
IN THE LEAD, THEY START FOR  
THE CASTLE.



IN THE CASTLE

OB, YOU TAKE SOME OF THE MEN AND FREE KING REX. HE IS IN A DUNGEON CELL. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF KING MUNG AND HIS VILLAINOUS MEN.



WHAT'S THIS? GO AWAY! HELP!! GUARDS!!



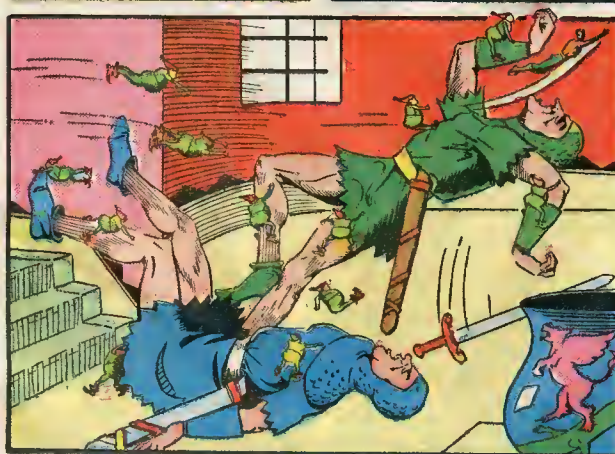
KING MUNG STARTED TO RUN—BUT—



HERE COMES THE GUARDS! CHARGE!!



HELP!



THE GUARDS WERE LAID OUT IN SHORT ORDER.

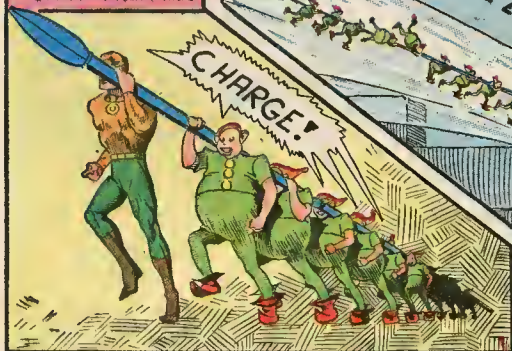


THAT DIDN'T TAKE VERY LONG. SAY! WHERE IS KING MUNG?

THERE HE GOES!

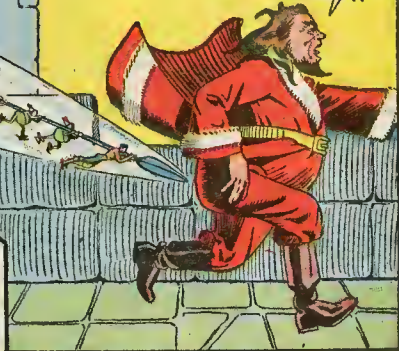


A DOZEN GNOMES WITH MINIMIDGET LEADING PICKED UP A SPEAR THAT A GUARD DROPPED.



YIPPEEEEEE

NO!  
DON'T!!



IN TERROR, KING MUNG LEAPED OFF THE CASTLE TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW.



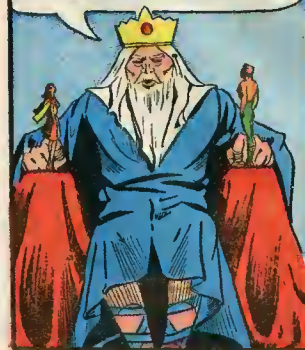
KING REX IS RESTORED TO THE THRONE.



THE PEOPLE CHEERED WHEN THEY HEARD THAT THE GOOD KING REX WAS ON THE THRONE AGAIN.



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY THIS IS YOUR HOME FOREVER IF YOU WISH. YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU DESIRE.



THANKS WE WILL---



WHAT HAPPENED? WHO? WHY???



MINIMIDGET APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

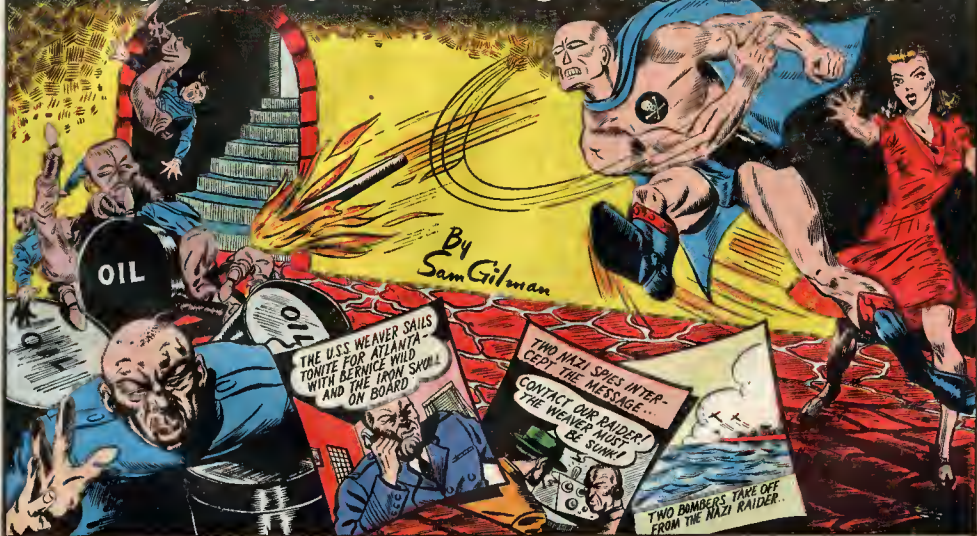






# The

# IRON SKULL





IN A FLASH THE SKULL  
ZOOMS UPWARDS IN THE  
DIRECTION OF THE BOMBS

FALLING AWAY FROM THE BOMBS,  
AS HE CATCHES THEM, THE SKULL  
RENDERS THEM HARMLESS

THE ENEMY PLANES LET  
DROP THEIR CARGO OF DEATH

NOW FOR  
THOSE  
PLANES!

DUMKOPF - YOU ARE  
SHOT! - VY DON'T  
YOU DIE?!

THE STARTLED ENEMY  
PILOTS OPEN FIRE AT  
THE APPROACHING SKULL

DUNNERVETTER!  
VE CAN'T KILL  
HIM! VASS ISS?

IN THE FACE OF THE WITHERING FIRE  
FROM THE PLANES, THE SKULL CRASHES  
HEAD ON INTO THE NEAREST ONE...

WELL WELL - OF ALL  
PEOPLE TO BUMP  
INTO... HEIL-LO!

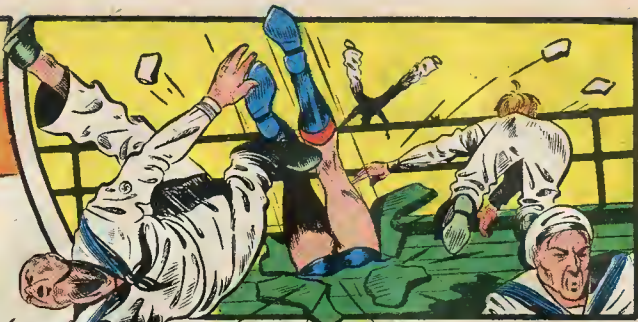
SMASHING THE FIRST PLANE,  
THE SKULL DIVES RELENTLESSLY  
AFTER THE OTHER...

AND DIVES RIGHT THRU THE MIDDLE OF THE SHIP....

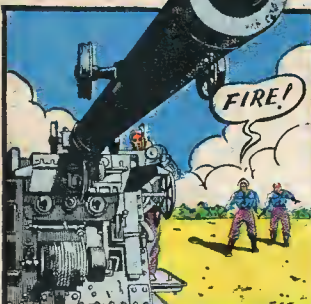
4



FINISHING OFF THE TWO PLANES,  
THE SKULL GOES INTO A POWER  
DIVE AND HEADS FOR THE RAIDER...



CONTINUING UNDER WATER, THE SKULL SMASHES THE PROP.



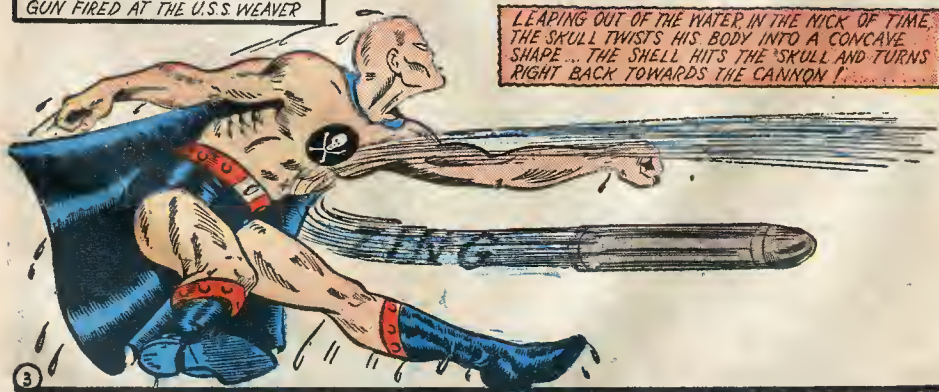
ON THE ISLAND OF ATLANTA, THE  
COMMANDER ORDERS THE BIG  
GUN FIRED AT THE U.S.S. WEAVER

**BOOM**

THAT SHELL!  
IT'S HEADING FOR  
THE U.S.S. WEAVER!!



LEAPING OUT OF THE WATER IN THE NICK OF TIME,  
THE SKULL TWISTS HIS BODY INTO A CONCAVE  
SHAPE... THE SHELL HITS THE SKULL AND TURNS  
RIGHT BACK TOWARDS THE CANNON!





THE SHELL SPEEDS RIGHT BACK TO ITS STARTING POINT AND...

THE IRON SKULL THEN SWIMS OFF TO THE SHORE...  
BERNICE WILD FOLLOWING IN A SMALL SPEED-BOAT...

THIS IS THE  
ENTRANCE -  
WE MUST  
BE QUIET!

PSST-HOLZE  
VE HAVE  
UNINVITED  
GUESTS!

ON THE ISLAND, BERNICE LEADS THE  
SKULL TO THE SECRET ENTRANCE OF  
THE UNDERGROUND NAZI FORTRESS

WHAT'S YOUR  
BLITZKRIEG?

HEILP!

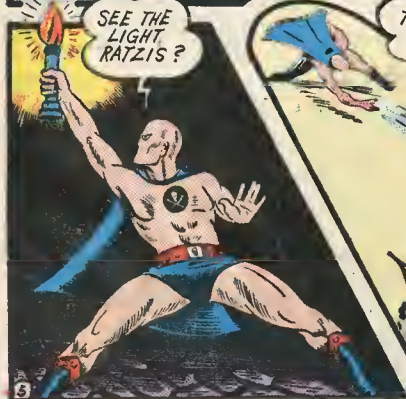
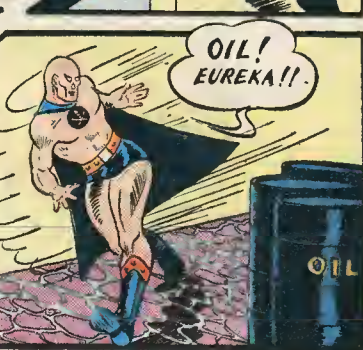
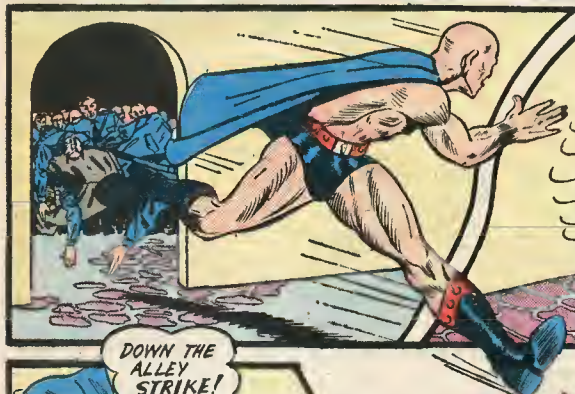
VOICES!...  
COMING FROM  
BEHIND THIS  
DOOR!

YOU WAIT HERE  
WHILE I TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND  
INSIDE...

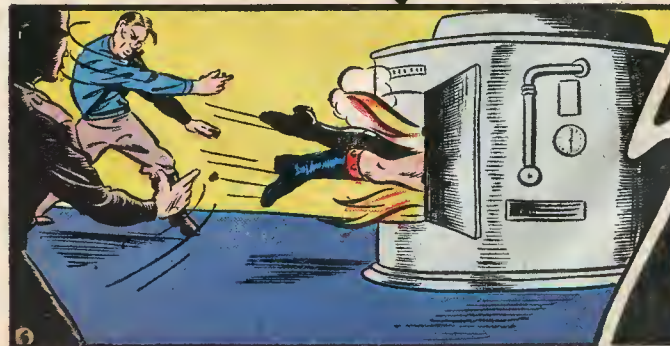
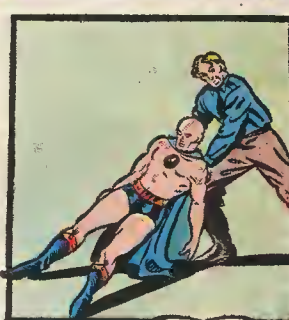
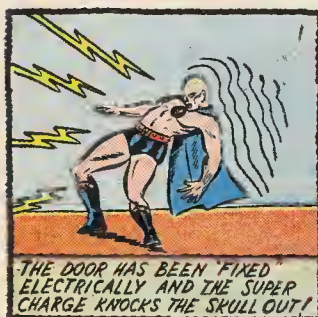
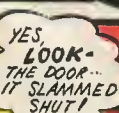
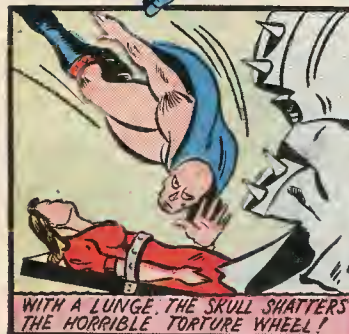
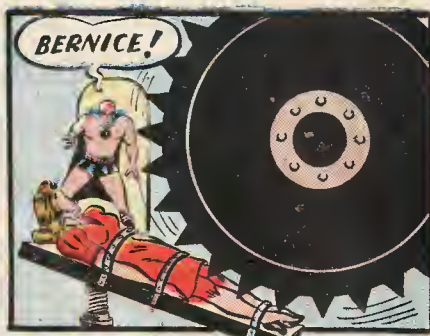
DO BE  
CAREFUL!

PLANES OVER NEW YORK...  
THE TANKS VILL TAKE  
CONNECTICUT, UND...  
VOT'S DISS??





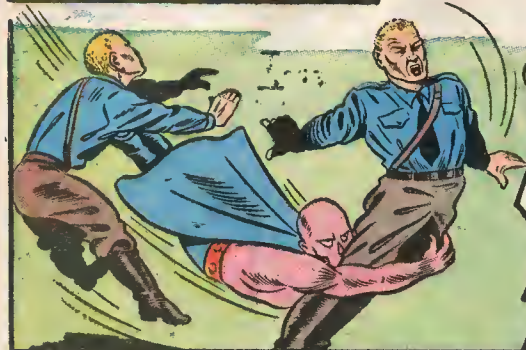




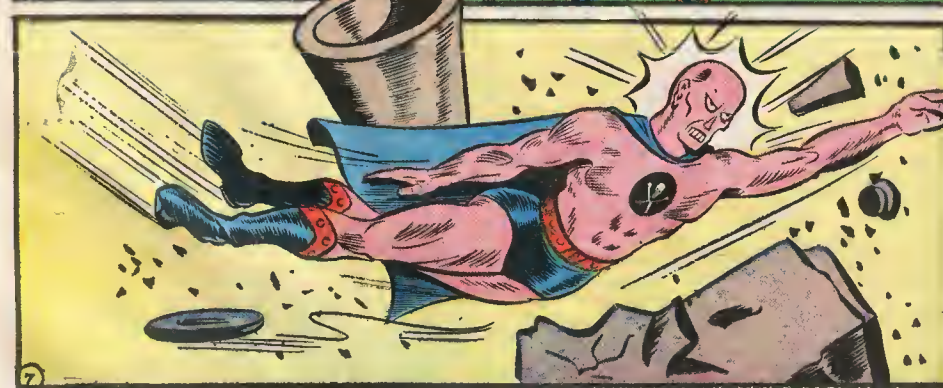




THE ELECTRIC  
CURRENT IS  
NEUTRALIZED  
BY THE  
TERRIFIC  
HEAT OF THE  
FURNACE -  
AND THE  
SKULL CRASHES  
THRU!...

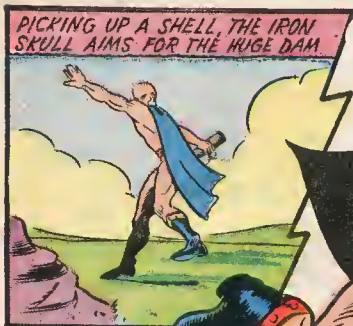


THE NAZI TURNS TO A  
NICE CRISPY BROWN

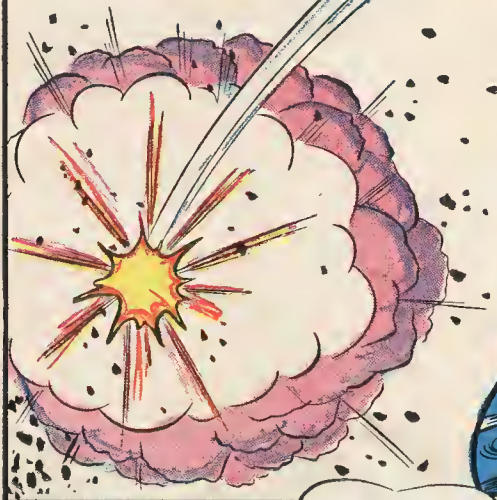
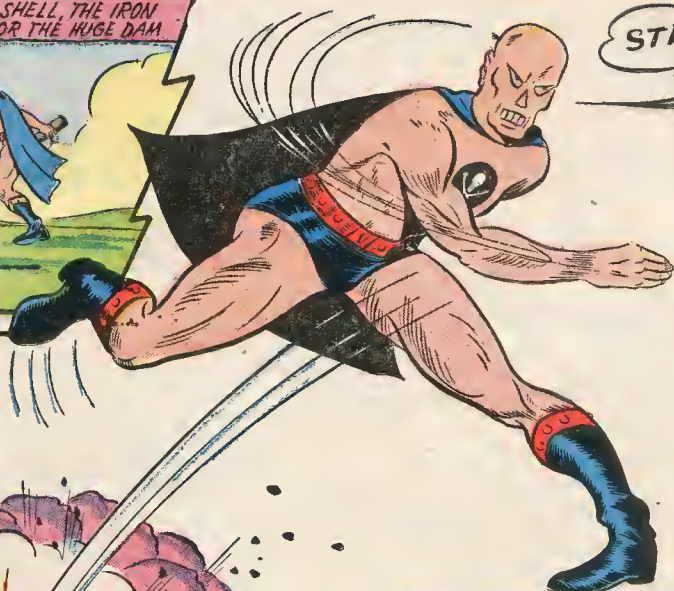




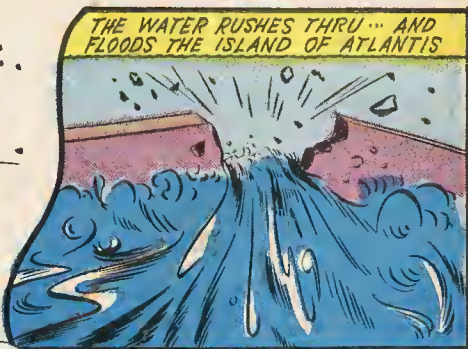
PICKING UP A SHELL, THE IRON  
SKULL AIMS FOR THE HUGE DAM



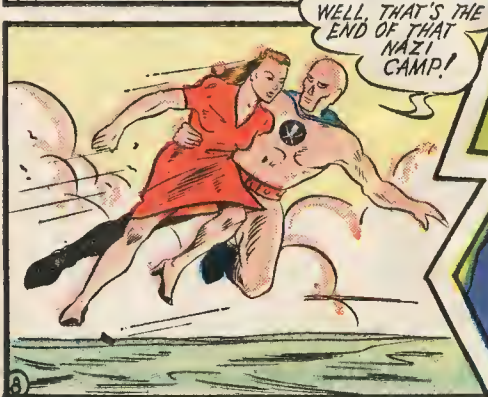
STRIKE!



THE WATER RUSHES THRU... AND  
FLOODS THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS

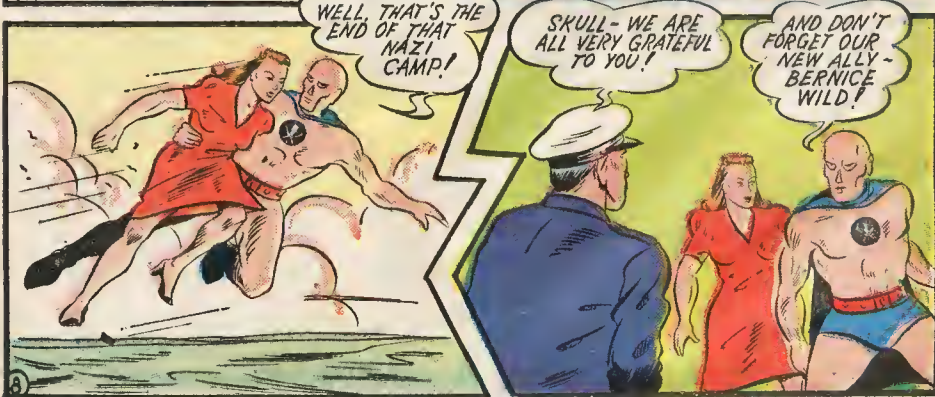


WELL, THAT'S THE  
END OF THAT  
NAZI  
CAMP!



SKULL - WE ARE  
ALL VERY GRATEFUL  
TO YOU!

AND DON'T  
FORGET OUR  
NEW ALLY -  
BERNICE  
WILD!





# THE STARS & STRIPES BATTLE THE UNHOLY THIRTEEN

by Robert Turner

**T**HEY swept into the pre-dawn darkness shrouding Midwest City in a cloud of desert dust. The hooves of their horses pounded the city pavement. Their white-cowled heads bent low of the manes of the racing animals, the robes billowing and flying in the wind. Boldly black against the front of these same white robes, was emblazoned a huge swastika.

In houses lining the street, people were awakened by the dread cacophony of hoof beats. Some made little frightened sounds with their mouths and pulled the covers, tremblingly, over their heads. Others simply remained stiff and paralyzed with fear, perspiration popping out of them in tiny globes. Some, holder, rushed to the window, peered gingerly under drawn blinds at the dozen and one night riders, thundering through the streets, and these witnesses whimpered and shivered in abject terror. The same words though, were on the lips of all these citizens who saw and heard: "The Unholy Thirteen are riding again!"

**T**HE dreaded night-riders brought their mounts to a halt close to the center of town, before a fine, old fashioned residence. All of them swaggered up the walk to the door of the big house.

The man with the axe knocked. But not politely. He knocked with one smashing blow of the sharp-bladed tool that splintered through the solid wood of the door. Again and again the axe crashed through the wood, shattering it completely.

The Unholy Thirteen now barged inside. The leaders cruelly dismissed the aged housekeeper who tried to stop their march, with a slap that knocked her clear to the end of the hall. She slumped against the wall, a pitiful figure, with her hair in curlers and her cold-creamed face bloody and bruised. She wept silently as she watched the gang climb the stairs. Through split lips she mumbled a hoarse warning:

"Mayor Jackson! They—they're coming after you! Mayor Jackson—The Unholy Thirteen!"

**B**UT Thomas Jackson, patriotic mayor of Midwest City did not hear the warning. The first intimation of trouble he had was when he was rudely thrown from his bed, kicked from one member of the gang to the other, from side to side of the room, until he was half a conscious, gibbering mess of humanity, every inch of him marked by the heavy boots of the gang of Un-Americans.

That was not all. They picked up Mayor Jackson, and carried him out of the house, stopping only momentarily while one of the Thirteen painted a big black swastika on the front of the old dwelling so that it stood out like an ugly scar against the typical neatness of this American home, and slung him across a horse and rode away with him.

**T**HEY found Mayor Thomas Jackson the next morning tied to a pole in the town square. He was as close to death as a man can be and still survive. He wore no clothes. Only a heavy, hurting coat of tar and feathers.

"We warned the mayor to stop all the patriotic nonsense in Midwest City—the V for Victory campaign, the organization of home guards and air raid workers, The Benefit For Britain theatre performances and the rest. He didn't heed. Let this be a warning to other leaders of the city not to be so foolish.—Signed—The Unholy Thirteen."

**I**N a not too distant city, three young men, magnificent specimens of typical American manhood lounged about their comfortably furnished hideout cellar. The redheaded one called Pepper had just finished reading the newspaper account of this latest deed of the Unholy Thirteen aloud.

"What are we going to do about it?" Whitey, the light-haired member of the trio asked, grimly.

The third man, Van, pounded the fist of one big hand into the palm of the other. "If that gang keeps getting away with that stuff, Fifth Columnists in every town in the country will be trying it," he stormed. "They've got to be stopped, now!"

"Here's another item in the same paper that gives me an idea," Pepper said, rumpling his thick thatch of brick-colored hair, thoughtfully. "It says that a cross country



flight of new army bombers are going to stop at the Midwest City airport, tomorrow night to refuel. The Unholy Thirteen aren't going to miss an opportunity like that to strike at Uncle Sam's forces!"

"I get it," Van said. He grinned. "And neither are we, THE STARS AND STRIPES, going to miss that chance to clamp down on the Unholy Thirteen!"

THE fighting, patriotic trio flew that day, incognito, to Midwest City. They stayed all day in a small hotel, that night cabbed out to the airport. When they had dismissed the hack, Pepper, Van and Whitey stripped off their every day clothes and stood in the moonlight clad only in their skin-tight costumes of red, white and blue. At one time these outfits had been the prison garb the boys had been forced to wear in a foreign concentration camp where they had been framed into imprisonment. But, now the prison stripes had been painted a colorful red and white and on the chest of each man there glowed a big blue star of freedom.

The three clasped hands in silence, then separated and hid in spots around the airport where each could cover thoroughly everything that occurred.

FOR several hours nothing happened. Then, abruptly shortly after one A.M., every light in the airport went out. Heavy, blanketing blackness dropped over the landing field and every building. From several places in the darkness screams of men in pain pierced the silence. There were brief, bright flashes of gun fire. Then silence again.

Through the gloom over the airport field three beams of light penciled. In the bright rays could now be seen men in white robes and hoods lugging old plows and heavy logs, and rolling big barrels of cement out onto the landing field. In a few minutes they already had the field so littered with barricades of bric-a-brac and junk that no plane could possibly land without ending up in a horrible crash.

JAWS tightened grimly, *The Stars and Stripes*, wielding their pen-type flashlights, shivered at the thought of what would happen to the squadron of Uncle Sam's new giant bombers when they attempted to land in the darkened field. Every plane would be a twisted hunk of wreckage. A million dollars of defense money would be wasted, to say nothing of the lives of crack army pilots, and the loss of time in building the planes.

A moment later Pepper dropped his flashlight with a howl of rage as a bullet whined past his wrist, grazing the flesh. Instantly the

lights of his companions flicked off. The trio now plunged across the field in darkness. They did not stumble or fall, though. *The Stars and Stripes* had trained themselves to see in the gloom of night as well as cats.

STRAIGHT to one of the white-robed night riders, who showed up beautifully, ran Van. He hit the legs of his chosen man in a flying tackle that carried the victim six feet through the air and crashing down against a barrel of cement. Van stood up, fists clenched, waiting for the man to rise. But there was no more fight in the night rider. He lay across

In another part of the darkened field, Pepper was standing toe-to-toe with two strapping members of the spy-gang, slugging it out with them. First one of them dropped, his face smashed, consciousness gone, and Pepper could concentrate on the remaining opponent. He went to business with his fists, thoroughly.

A FEW minutes later and the gang would no longer be rightly called the Unholy Thirteen. Ten of them were stretched out on the airport field. The other three unknowning what had happened to their comrades were sitting comfortably in the small power plant of the airport, making sure that no one turned on the lights of the field again until after the army planes had crashed. These

three were quite surprised when there whizzed a series of red, white and blue flashes through the doorway.

The sound and the fury of the fight lasted for several moments and then subsided into a series of whimpers and groans. Then the light in the room flooded on, showing Pepper and Van grinning over three battered tough guys as Whitey stood by the control box.

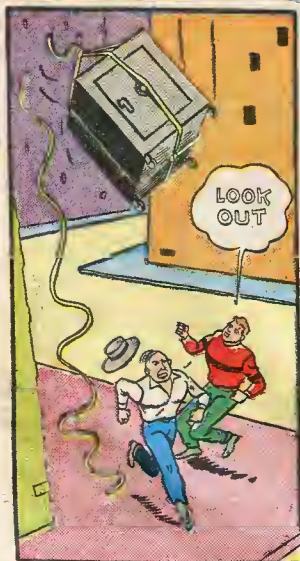
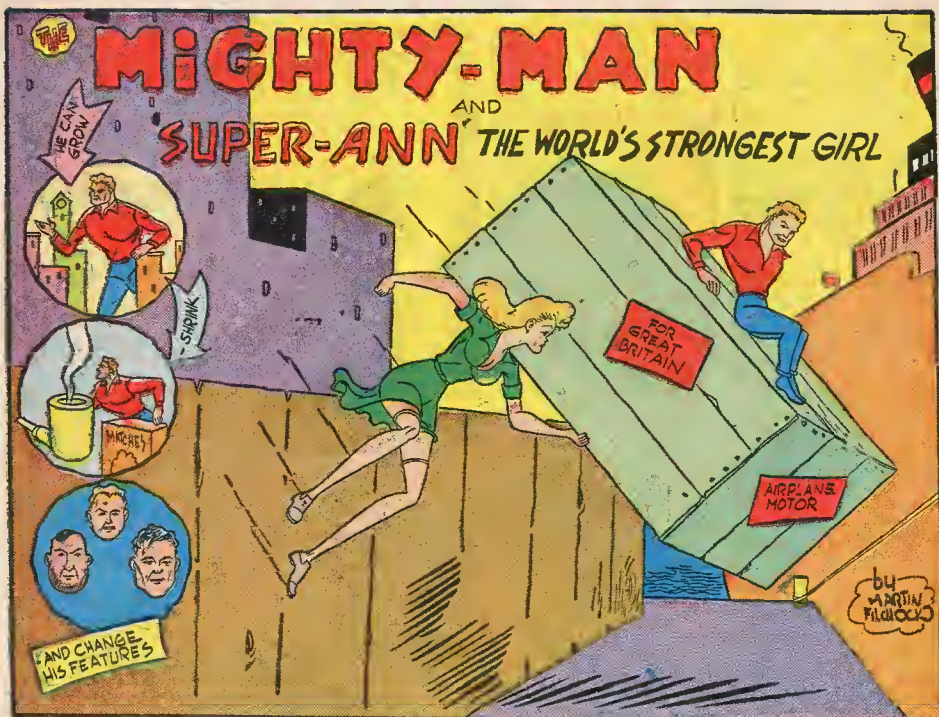
A FEW moments later just as the air above the landing field was filled with the roar of motors as the bombers came in to land, the field landing lights flashed on. Just in time, the pilots saw the obstacles scattered about the field and climbed their planes again and circled around until the field was cleared and they could land safely.

At breakfast the following morning, airport employees talked about the incidents of the night. "Some spy at the airport where the Army flight started off fixed the planes' landing lights so they wouldn't work. With the field lights out, too, imagine what would have happened if those *Stars and Stripes* boys hadn't been on the job!"

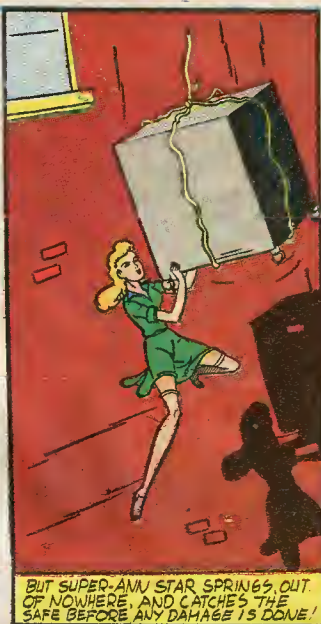
"But they were on the job," one of the men said. "They always are."

THE END.

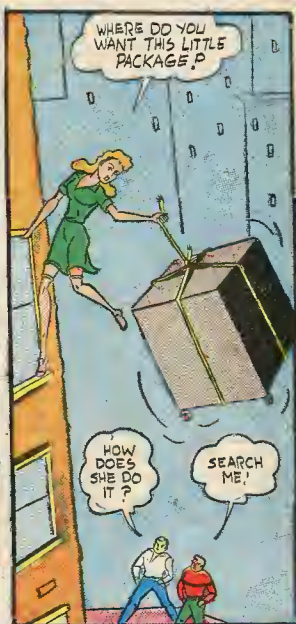




TWO MEN CAN BE SEEN RAISING A HUGE SAFE TO THE TOP FLOOR OF A FOUR STORY BUILDING. SUDDENLY THE CABLE SNAPS!



BUT SUPER-ANN STAR SPRINGS OUT OF NOWHERE, AND CATCHES THE SAFE BEFORE ANY DAMAGE IS DONE!





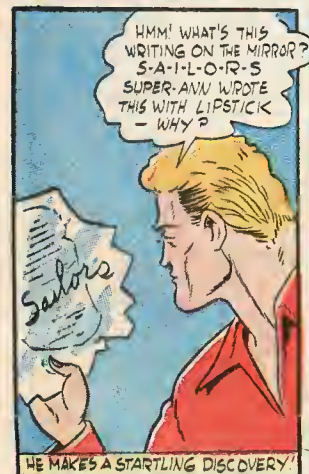
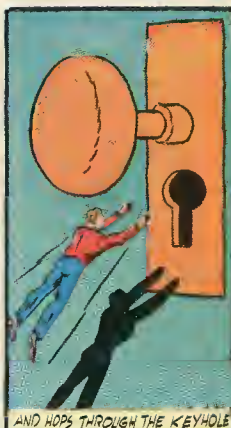
THE MIGHTY MAN, THE GIRL'S  
GUARDIAN ANGEL, WATCHES  
HER PERFORM THIS AMAZING  
FEAT. HE IS FAR FROM PLEASED



THE MIGHTY MAN IS RIGHT  
- AS ANN FINDS OUT THAT  
VERY NIGHT!











DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME - YOU MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWED!

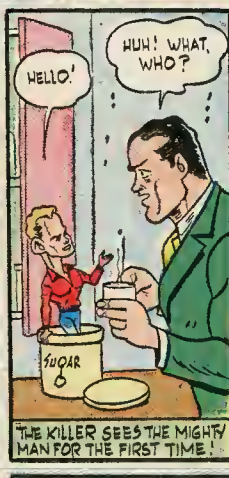


ACH! SEVEN COUNTRIES CAN'T CATCH ME AND HE TELLS ME NOT TO LET ANYONE FOLLOW ME - IT CAN'T BE DONE!

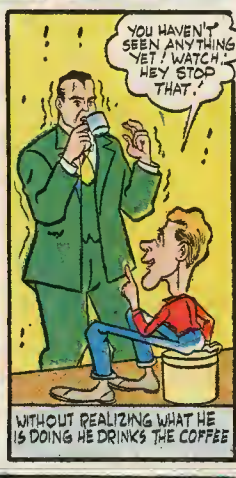


NO! JUST GIVE ME A CUP OF COFFEE

SOMETIME LATER IN THE SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY!



THE KILLER SEES THE MIGHTY MAN FOR THE FIRST TIME!



WITHOUT REALIZING WHAT HE IS DOING HE DRINKS THE COFFEE



I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT I'LL PROMISE IN SPITE OF MYSELF



PERHAPS NOT! BUT DON'T TELL HER ANYHOW!

SOON A HIGH MIGHTY MAN IS FLYING HIGH OVER THE CITY'S HIGHEST SKYSCRAPERS!



LATER AT A FRIEND'S HOME

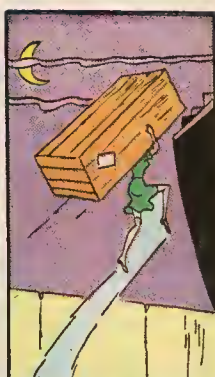




A FEW MINUTES AFTER TWO ON THE MAIN DOCK



THE MIGHTY MAN SEES SUPER-ANN VAULT A FENCE CARRYING A LARGE WOODEN BOX - SHE EXCHANGES IT FOR ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT IN EVERY DETAIL!



SHE HOPS BACK OVER THE FENCE WITH THE EXCHANGED BOX!



THE MIGHTY MAN SHRINKS AND ENTERS THE WOODEN BOX THROUGH A CRACK!



HE MAKES A SPEEDY TRIP TO THE EXCHANGED BOX! SUPER ANN HAD PLACED IT ON THE DECK OF A SMALL TUG BOAT!



ANN MUST BE GETTING ANOTHER BOX SO I'LL JUST EXCHANGE THIS ONE FOR ONE OF THESE ALREADY HERE!



SUPER-ANN SOON RETURNS WITH ANOTHER BOX - BUT INSTEAD OF TAKING ONE WITH A BOMB IN IT SHE TAKES THE ONE WITH THE AIRPLANE MOTOR



WHILE SHE IS AWAY THE MIGHTY MAN AGAIN CHANGES THE BOXES! SUPER-ANN MAKES HER APPEARANCE AND AGAIN TAKES THE WRONG BOX!







WELL! SHE DID IT, TONY!

YEAH! LET'S GO! THE OTHER BOYS MAY BE WAITING FOR US!

BUT HE FINDS TWO MEN ALREADY THERE

THE TWO MEN START TO LEAVE WHEN SUDDENLY ONE LEAVES THE DECK!



HUH?



I'M GETTING OFF THIS HOODOO SHIP!

LIKE A BIRD HE SOARS FAR OUT INTO THE SEA AND THEN DROPS LIKE A COMET



THE MIGHTY MAN HAS IT!

THE FRIGHTENED MAN SWIMS TO THE DOCK AND WITH BREATHTAKING SPEED HEADS FOR BROADWAY - BOTH HE AND HIS PARTNER HAD SEEN ENOUGH!



HEY WAIT FOR ME!



SHAKE A LEG, TONY!

WHERE'S JACK?

HE'S COMING! WHERE'S THE GIRL?

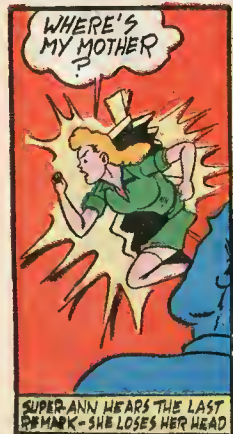
THE MIGHTY MAN THROWS THE BOX INTO THE WATER AND THEN GOES TO THE TUG DISGUISED AS TONY!



SHE'S IN THE CABIN! THE BOSS HASN'T SHOWN UP AND SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT HER OLD LADY!

SHE SHOULD BE! THE BOSS IS A QUEER DUCK HE MIGHT KILL THE GIRLS MOTHER!

YEAH! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED



WHERE'S MY MOTHER?



THE MEN TRY TO QUIET HER BUT HAVE LITTLE SUCCESS

I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU

SHHH



THEY TRY TO USE FORCE BUT THIS ONLY ENRAGES HER



ONE OF THE MEN USES A BELAYING PIN!

SUPER-ANN HEARS THE LAST SHOUT - SHE LOSES HER HEAD





SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HEARD HER SCREAMS!

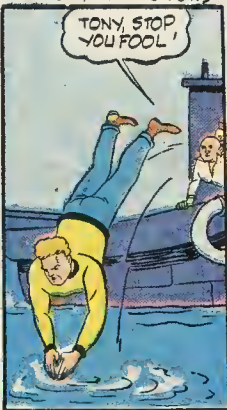
LET'S TOSS HER OVER-BOARD!



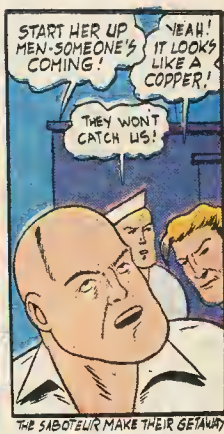
HEY!

BEFORE THE DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN CAN STOP THEM THEY THROW SUPER-ANN INTO THE OCEAN

THE MIGHTY MAN FOLLOWS



TONY, STOP YOU FOOL!

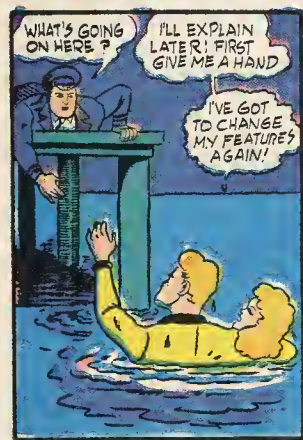


START HER UP MEN-SOMEONE'S COMING!

YEAH! IT LOOKS LIKE A COPPER!

THEY WON'T CATCH US!

THE SABOTEUR MAKE THEIR GETAWAY



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! FIRST GIVE ME A HAND

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MY FEATURES AGAIN!

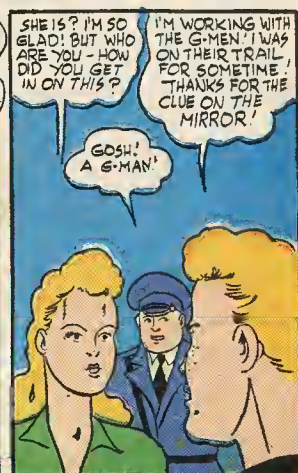
THE MIGHTY MAN HAS LITTLE TROUBLE RESCUING THE GIRL!



--THESE NAZIS KIDNAPPED MOM AND THEN THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS I EXCHANGED THE BOY-- THE GUARDS WHO WERE IN ON THE PLOT THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TOO RISKY TO DO IT ANY OTHER WAY!

I WISH YOU HADN'T LOST YOUR HEAD --YOU SEE YOUR MOTHER IS SAFE AND AS FOR THE BOSS--HE'S DEAD!

A FEW MINUTES LATER!



SHE IS? I'M SO GLAD! BUT WHO ARE YOU--HOW DID YOU GET IN ON THIS?

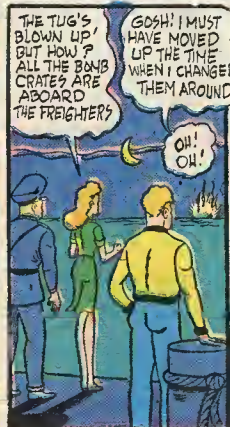
I'M WORKING WITH THE G-MEN! I WAS ON THEIR TRAIL FOR SOMETIME! THANKS FOR THE CLUE ON THE MIRROR!

GOSH! A G-MAN!



OH! BUT THAT WASN'T FOR YOU! IT WAS FOR SOMEONE ELSE! FOR MY GUARDIAN ANGEL!

YOUR WHO? HA HA! WHAT'S THAT?



THE TUG'S BLOWN UP! BUT HOW? ALL THE BOMB CRATES ARE ABOARD THE FREIGHTER?

GOSH! I MUST HAVE MOVED UP THE TIME WHEN I CHANGED THEM AROUND

OH! OH!



YOU WHAT?

HUH? HE'S GONE! LOOK HERE'S HIS SWEATER



TELL ME AGAIN, OFFICER! HOW DID HE VANISH SO QUICKLY?

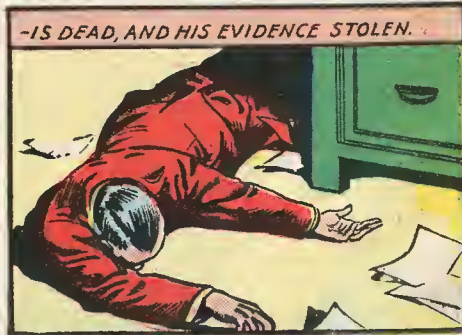
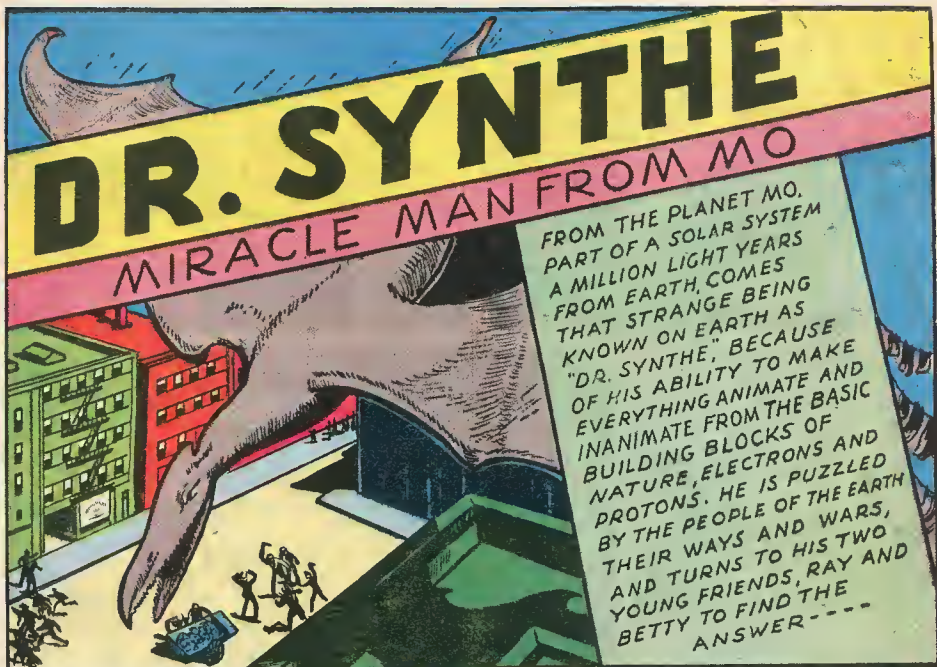
I NEVER TOLD YOU ONCE! BUT I WILL TELL YOU ONE THING --I HAVE A HUNCH THE VANISHING GUY WAS YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL!

WHEW!

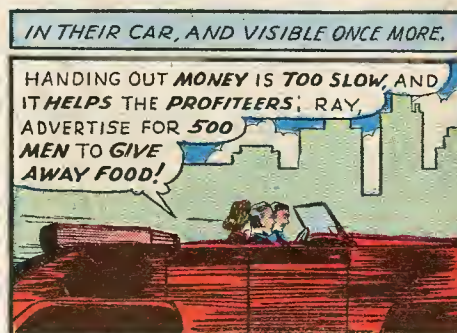
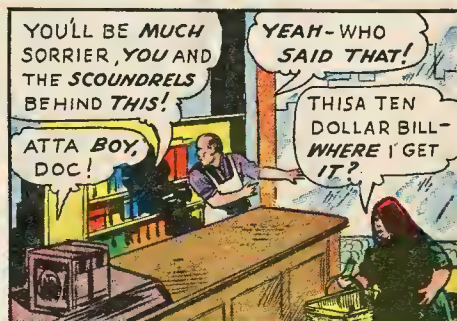
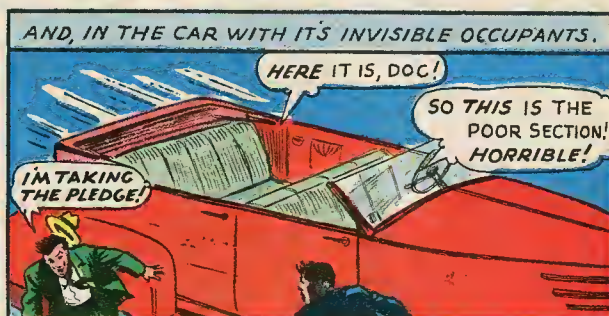
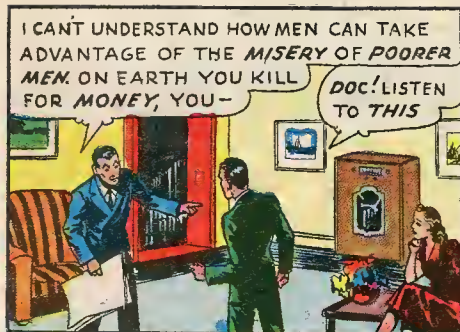
THE MIGHTY MAN'S CLOTHING IS MADE OF SPECIAL RUBBERIZED MATERIAL

THE END











NEXT MORNING - ON A LOT SYNTHÉ BOUGHT.

HERE ARE THE 500 MEN TO GIVE AWAY FOOD - BUT WHERE'S THE FOOD AND PUSH-CARTS?

OH HERE-



A MOUNTAIN OF FOOD, AND 500 PUSH-CARTS ARE MATERIALIZED.



YOU MEN HAVE YOUR ROUTES, GIVE FOOD TO ANYONE WHO WANTS IT. THEN COME BACK AND LOAD UP AGAIN!



AN HOUR LATER IN A BUSINESS OFFICE.

BOSS! THERE'S PUSH-CARTS OF FOOD ALL OVER TOWN-

WE HAD AN ANTI-PEDDLERS LAW PASSED! USE IT!



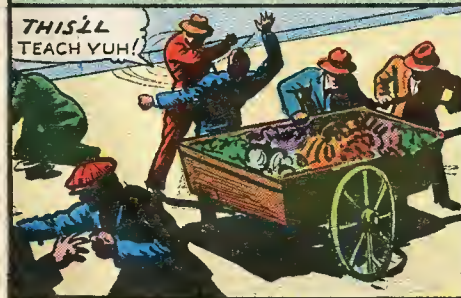
THEY AIN'T SELLIN' IT! THEY'RE GIVIN' IT AWAY, AND THIS DOC SYNTHÉ'S BEHIND IT!

TRY ROUGH-ING UP THE MEN, AND WRECKING THE CARTS.

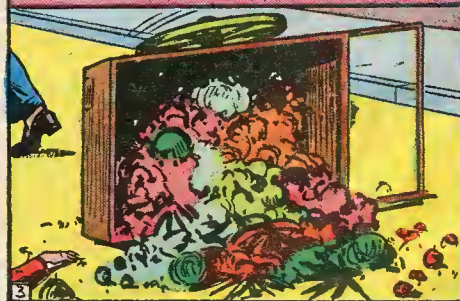


PAID HOODLUMS DESCEND, AND -

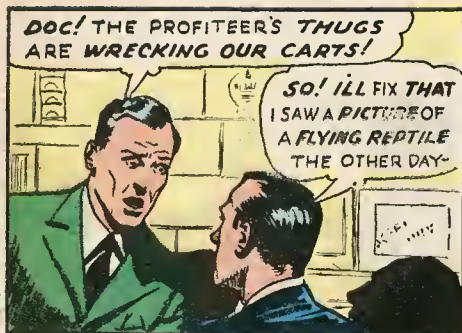
THIS'LL TEACH YUH!



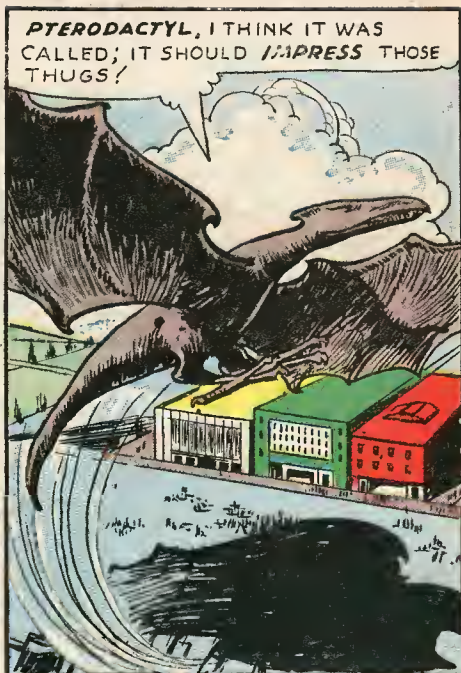
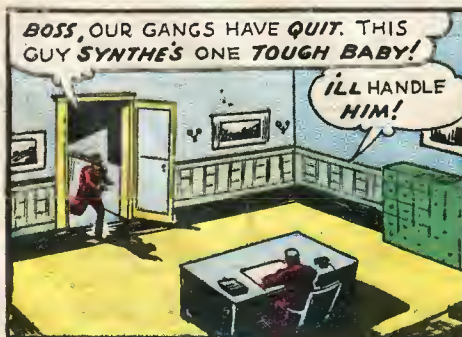
SYNTHÉ'S MEN ARE BEATEN, CARTS WRECKED.







**AS THE PTERODACTYL, SYNTHÉ SWOOPS ON THE PROFITEERS' THUGS.**



**THAT NIGHT, SIMEON STONE, A PHILANTHRO-  
DIST, CALLS ON SYNTHÉ.**





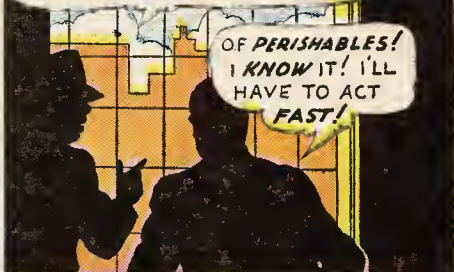
THE NEXT DAY FOOD PRICES DROP, BUT  
SYNTHÉ'S FREE FOOD CARTS STILL ROLL.



YES, MR STONE! IF IT'S THAT VITAL  
I'LL MEET YOU! I'LL LEAVE NOW!



BOSS, UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING, YOU'RE  
RUINED! 3 WARE-HOUSES FULL—



A *QUEER* PLACE FOR A MEETING WITH  
A MAN LIKE *STONE*!



TAKE IT!

YOU *FOOLS*. YOU  
CAN'T KILL *ME*!



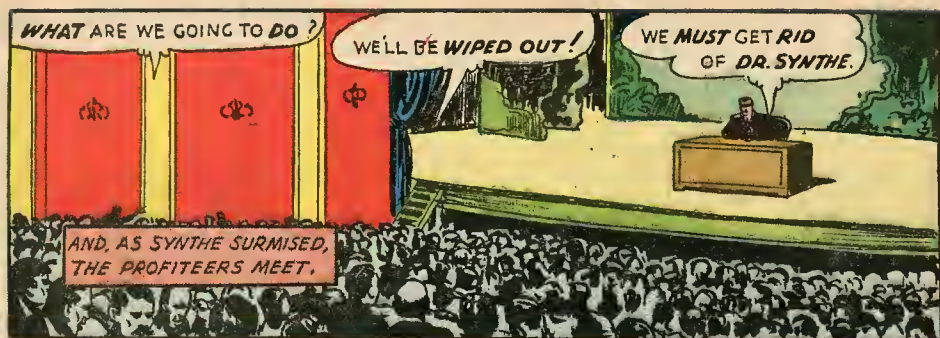
AS SYNTHÉ GESTURES, EACH KILLER  
SEES THE OTHER AS SYNTHÉ.



NOW I'LL GET THE *FIEND* BEHIND  
THIS *WHOLE SMELLY BUSINESS*.  
THOSE *VULTURES* WILL HOLD A  
*COUNCIL OF WAR*—







SYNTHE APPEARS AS THE MURDERED REPORTER, STEVE JONES.









TEN JONES, TEN GHOSTS, TEN,  
GHOSTS - TEN-DR.SYNTHÉ!



LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE!

NOT SO-



SYNTHÉ APPEARS AS DR.SYNTHÉ.

HANDCUFFS MATERIALIZE ON  
THE LEGS AND ARMS OF  
THE PROFITEERS.



FAST!

HANDCUFFS!

WHERE?

I'M NOT TAKING THIS RAP ALONE!

NOR I!

CRIMINALS ALWAYS  
TURN ON ONE  
ANOTHER!



POLICE? THIS IS DR.SYNTHÉ! THE  
FOOD PROFITEERS ARE *WAITING*  
AND *READY TO TALK!* THEY'RE AT-



LISTEN TO *THAT!*  
ENOUGH TO *HANG*  
THEM!

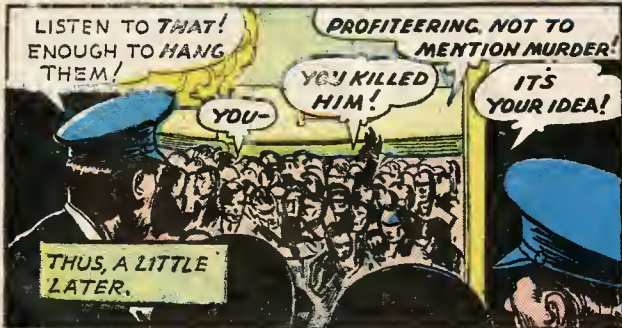
PROFITEERING, NOT TO  
MENTION MURDER!

YOU KILLED  
HIM!

IT'S  
YOUR IDEA!

YOU-

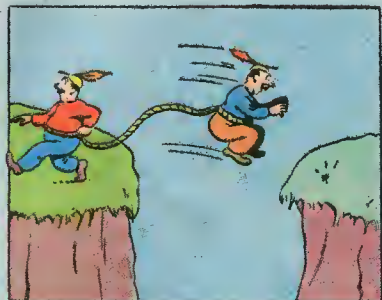
THUS, A LITTLE  
LATER.



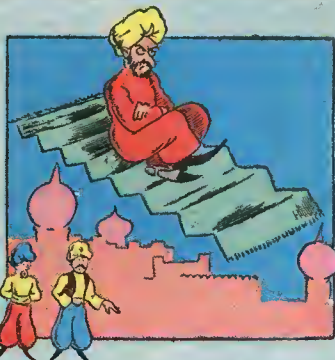


# CAT'S ON?

Bill  
BOYNANSKY

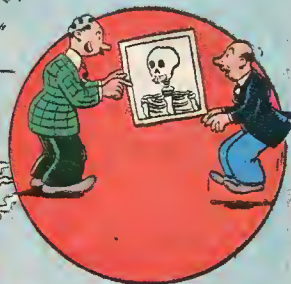


"OH BOY! A FOUR LEAF CLOVER!"



"HIS WIFE WAS USING IT FOR A STAIR CARPET!"

"I USED INFRA  
RED FILM  
INSTEAD!"



"THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN BOTHERED  
BY FLAT-FEET, PLEASE RAISE THEIR HANDS!"

"ARE YOU SURE THAT  
WAS FLASH POWDER?"



"DAD!"

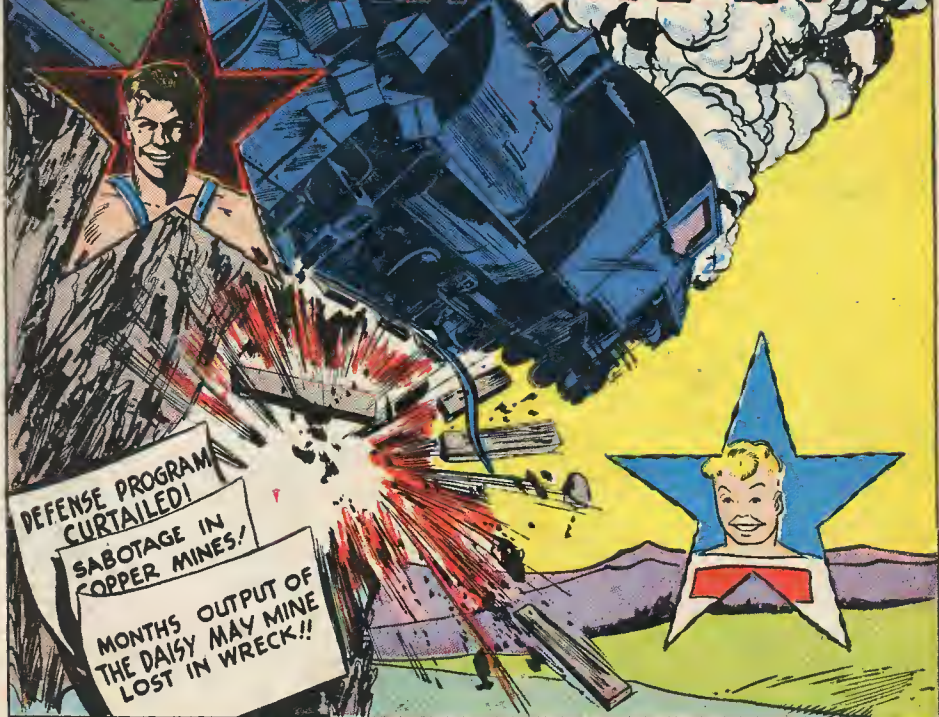
"SON!"



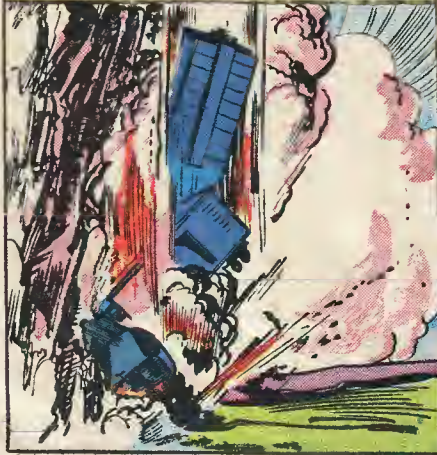
Bill  
BOYNANSKY



# AMAZING MAN



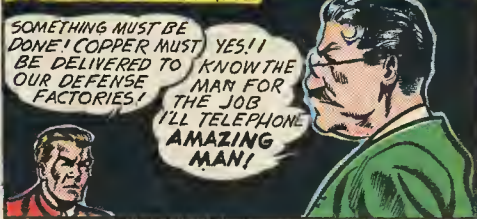
A FINAL THUNDEROUS CRASH! ANOTHER TRAINLOAD OF DEFENSE COPPER IS LOST!



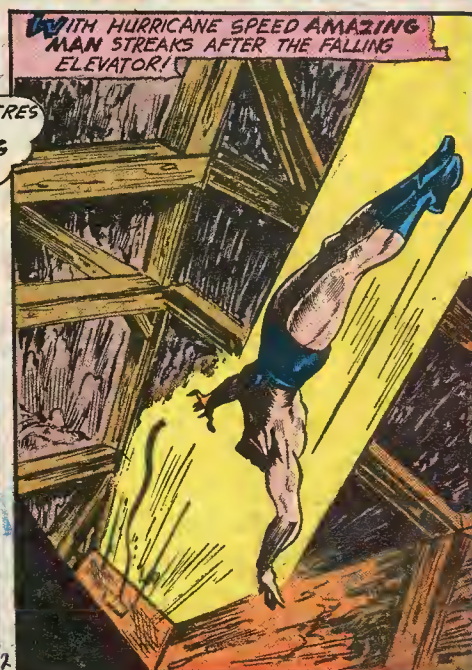
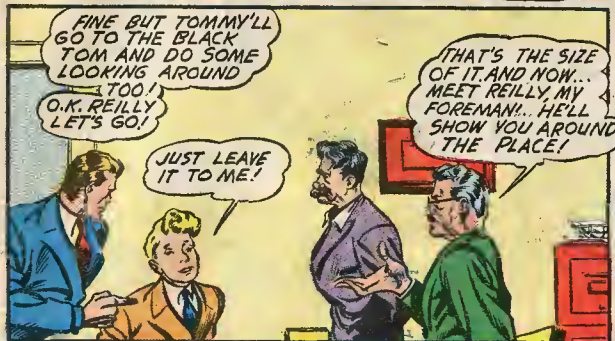
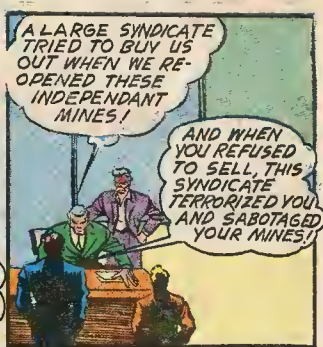
PERFECT JOB, I'D SAY! YEAH WE'D BETTER TELL RITTER RIGHT AWAY!



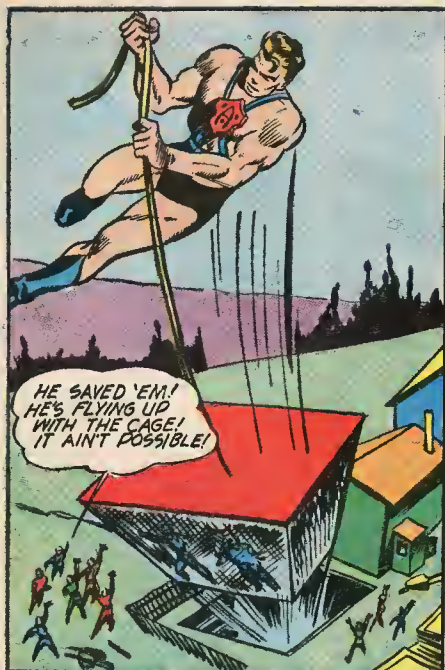
LATER, NEWS OF THIS LATEST WRECK HAS REACHED THE OFFICE OF O.R.M....



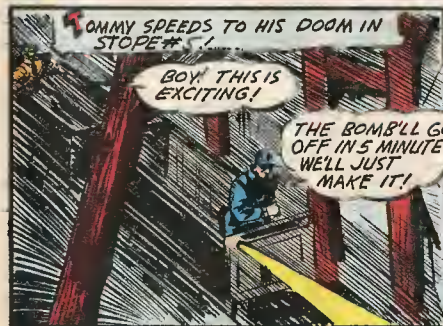
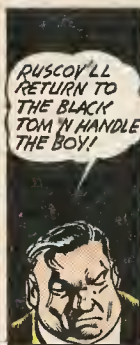




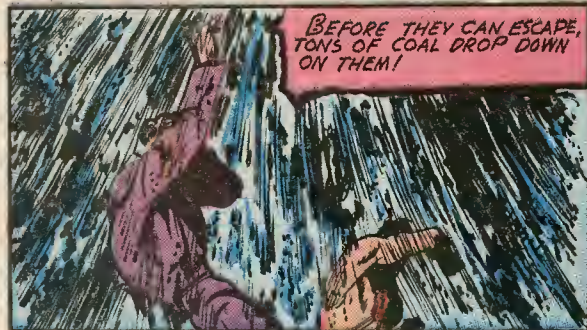
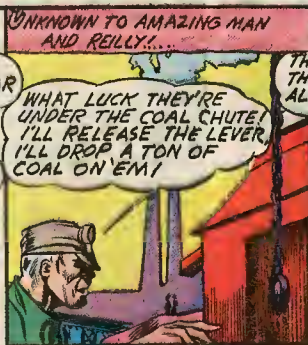
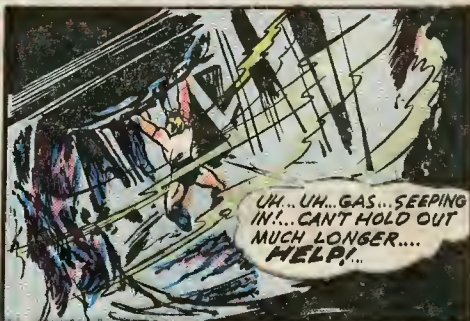
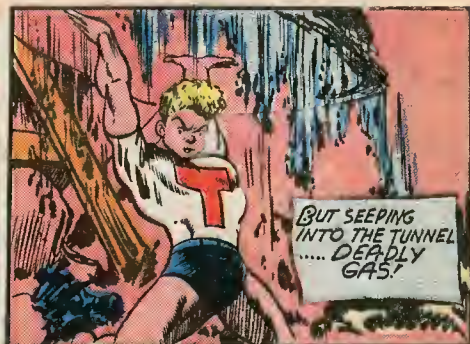




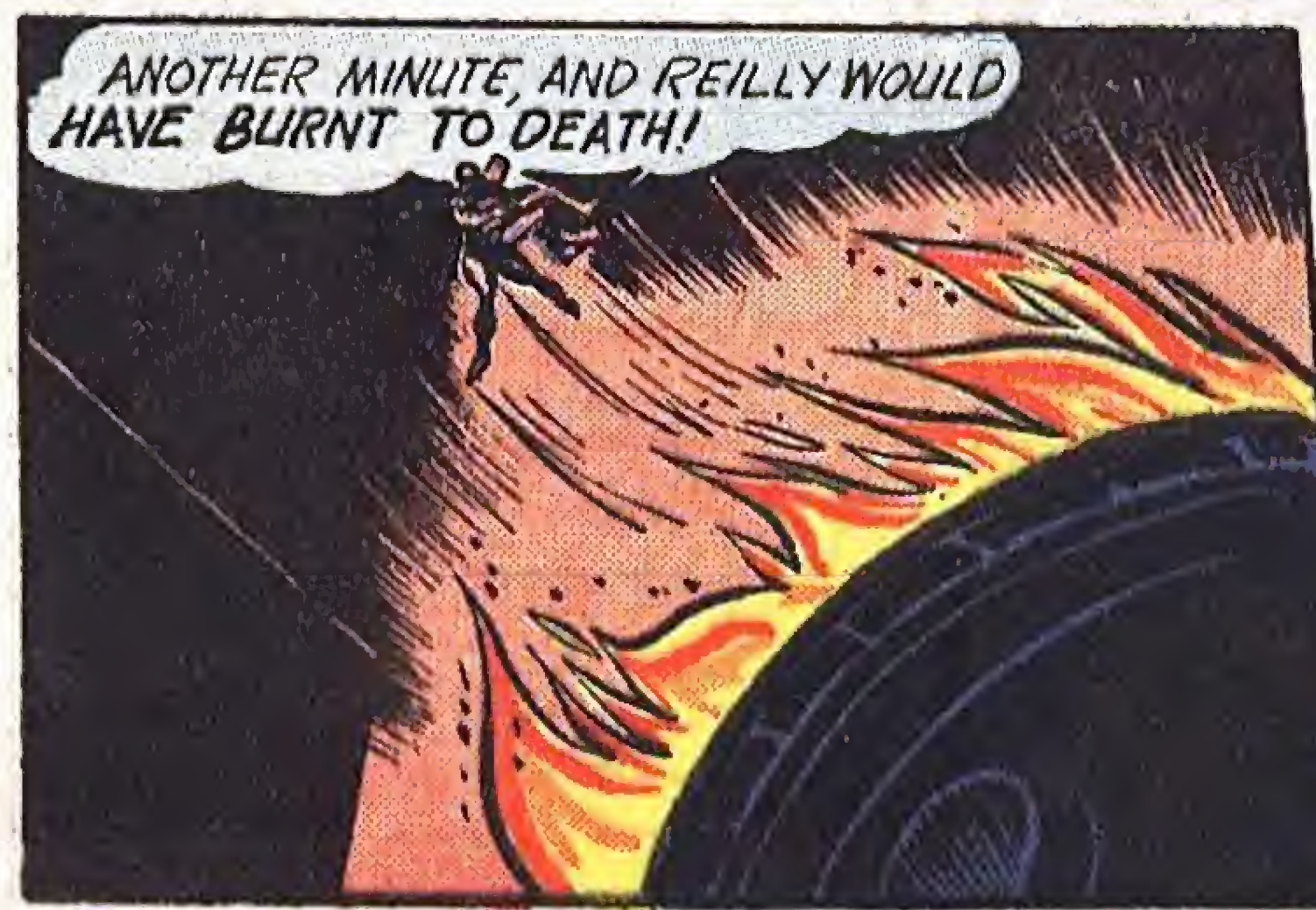
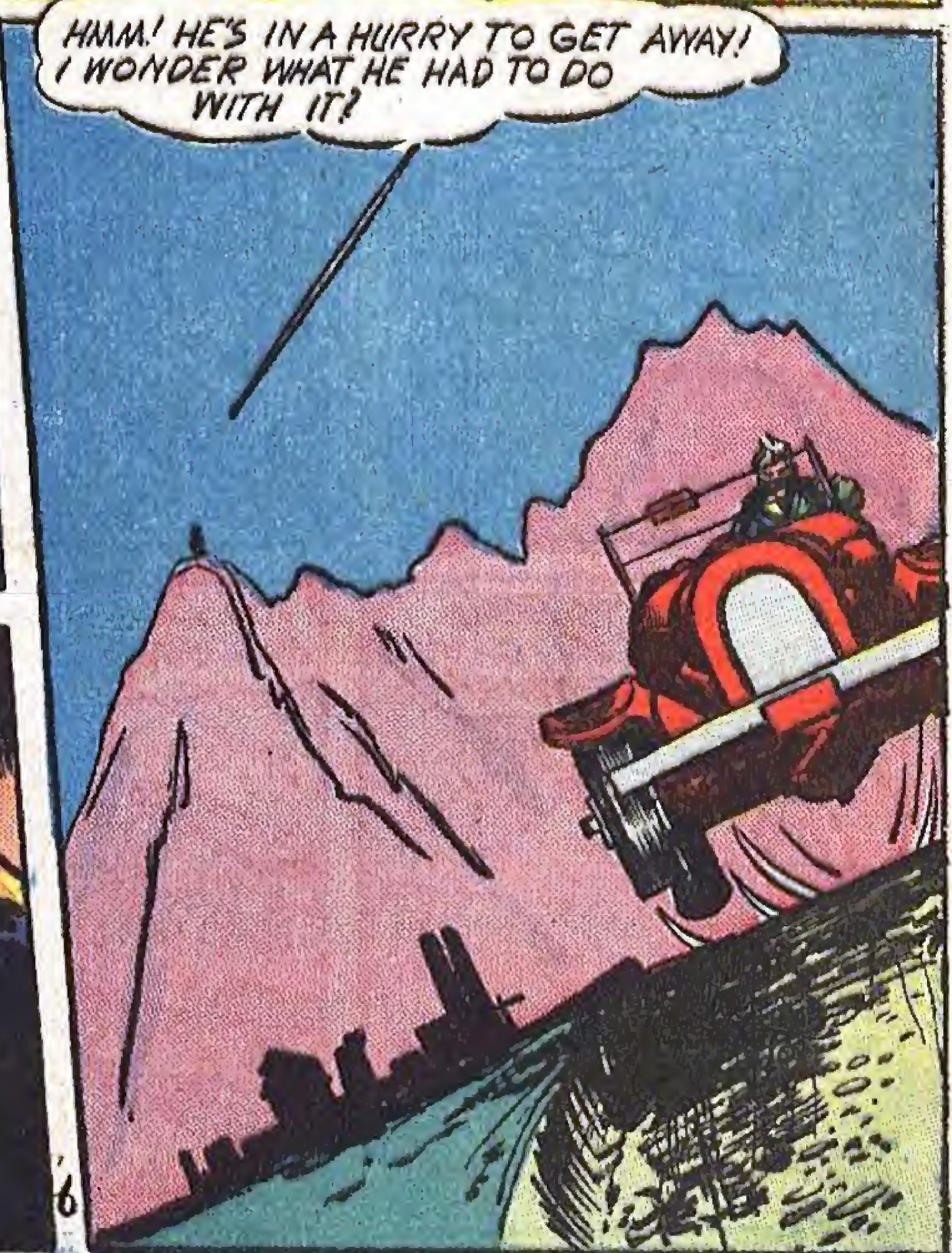
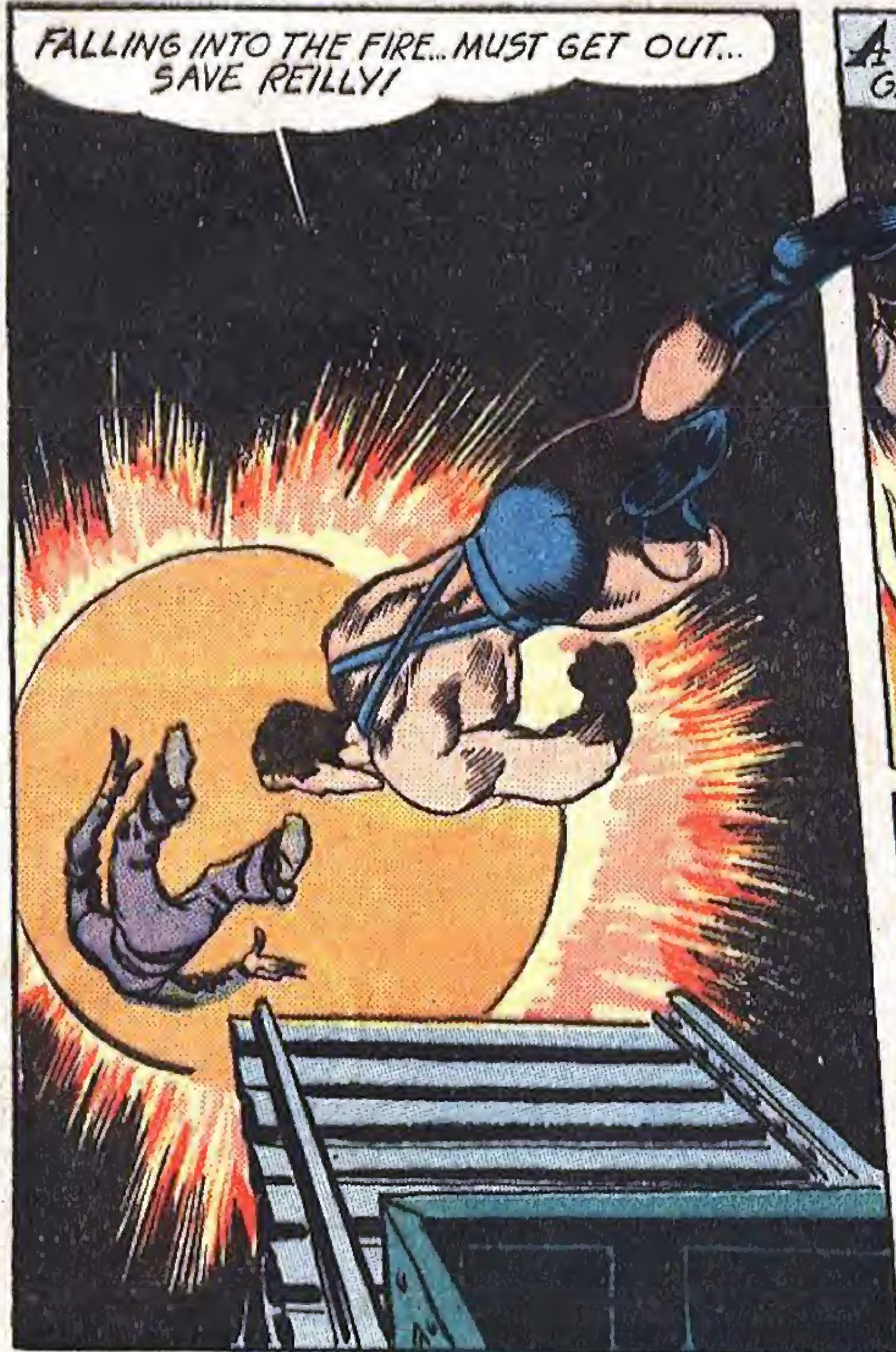
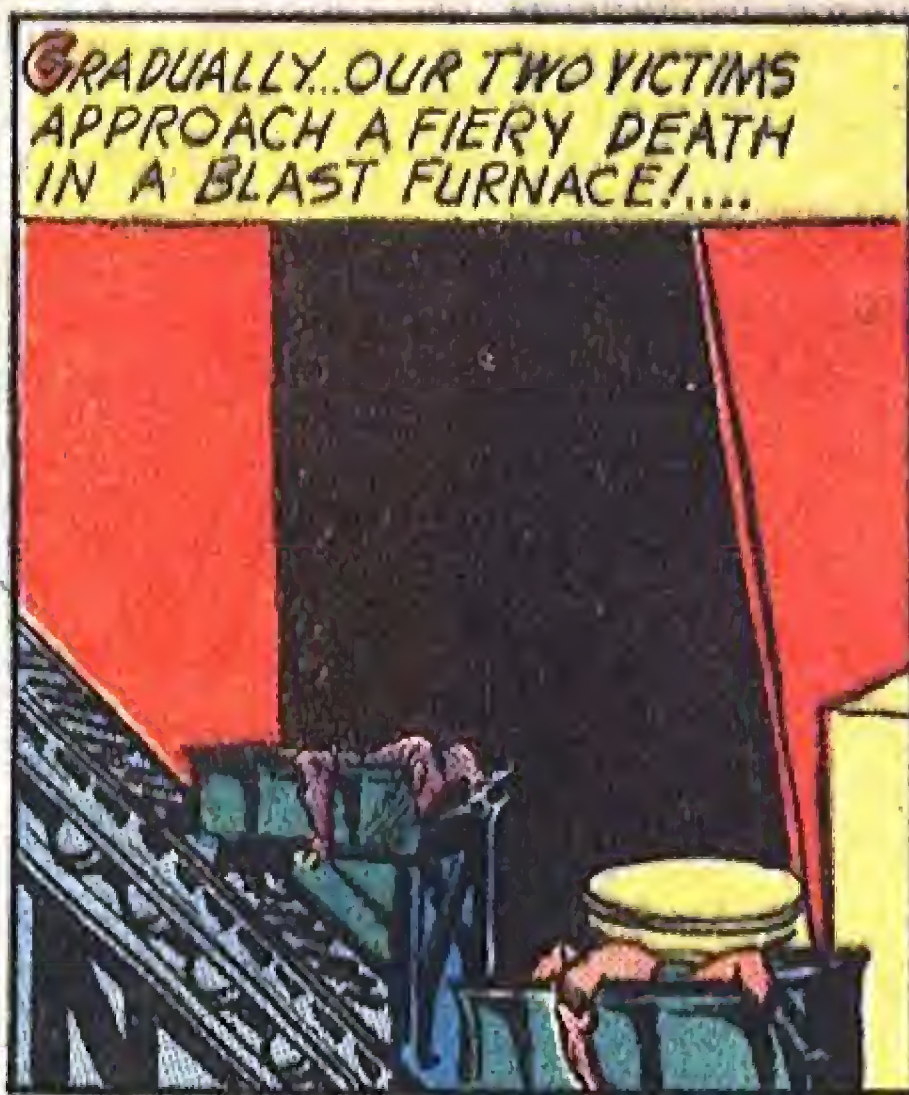




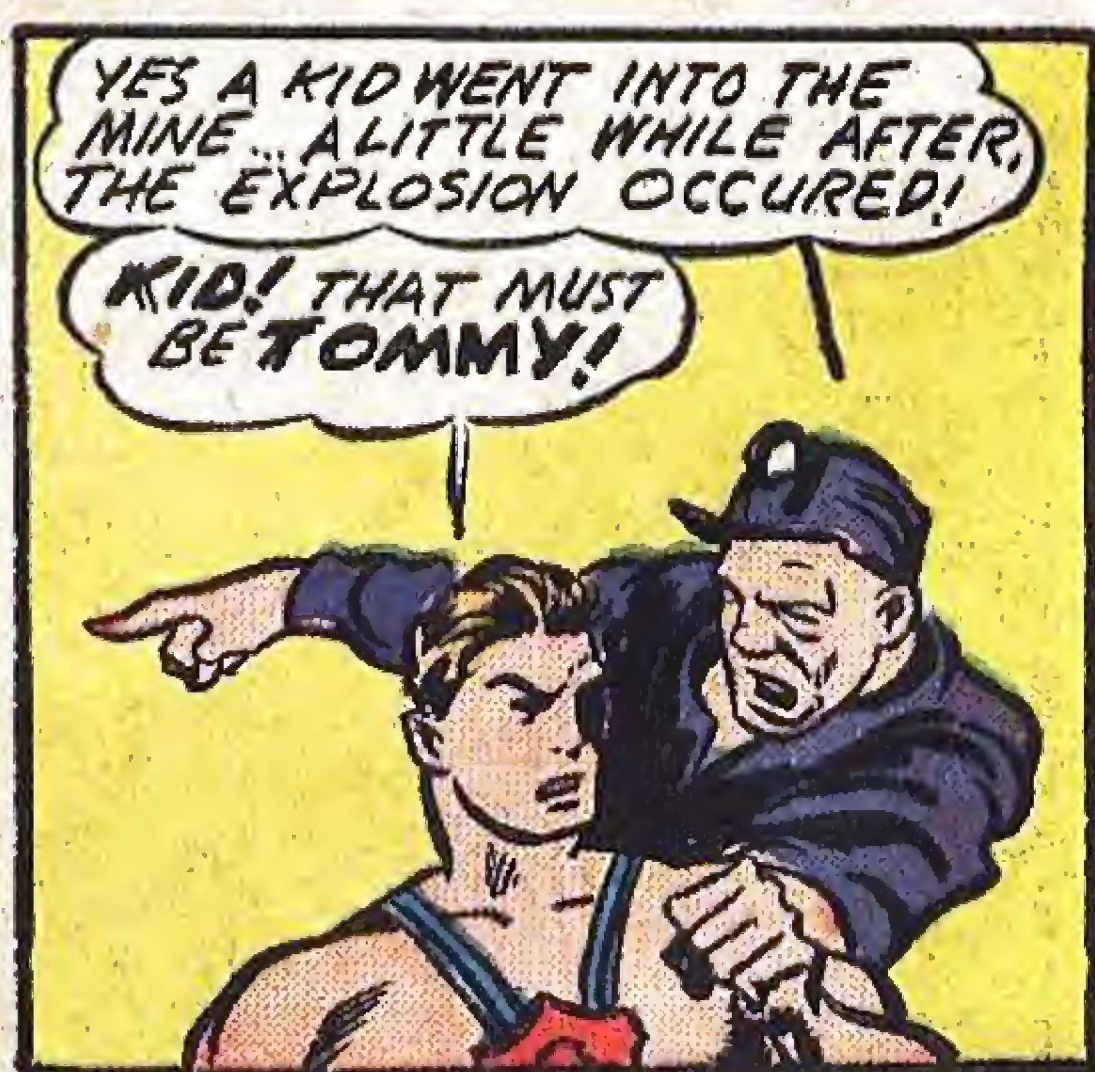
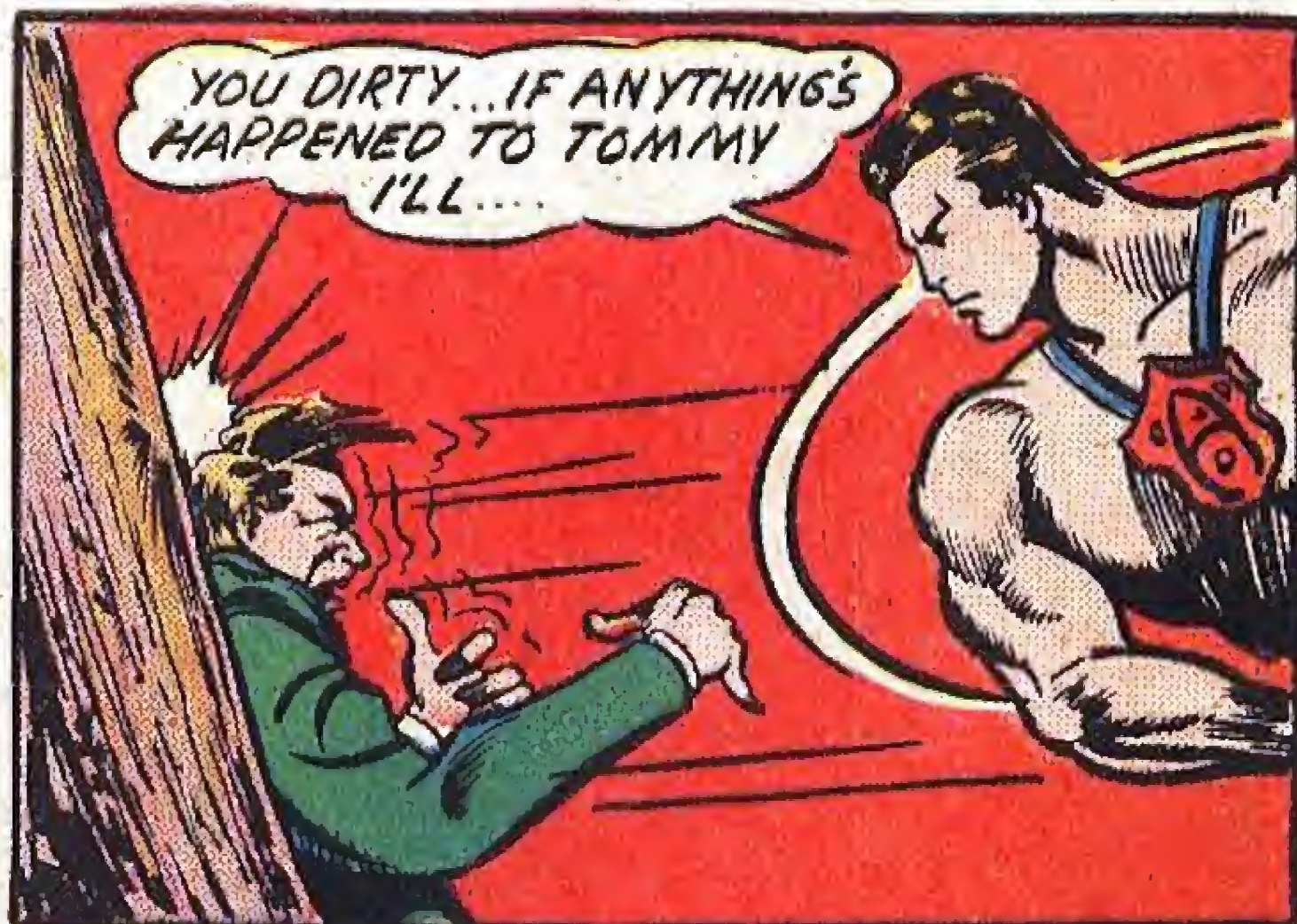
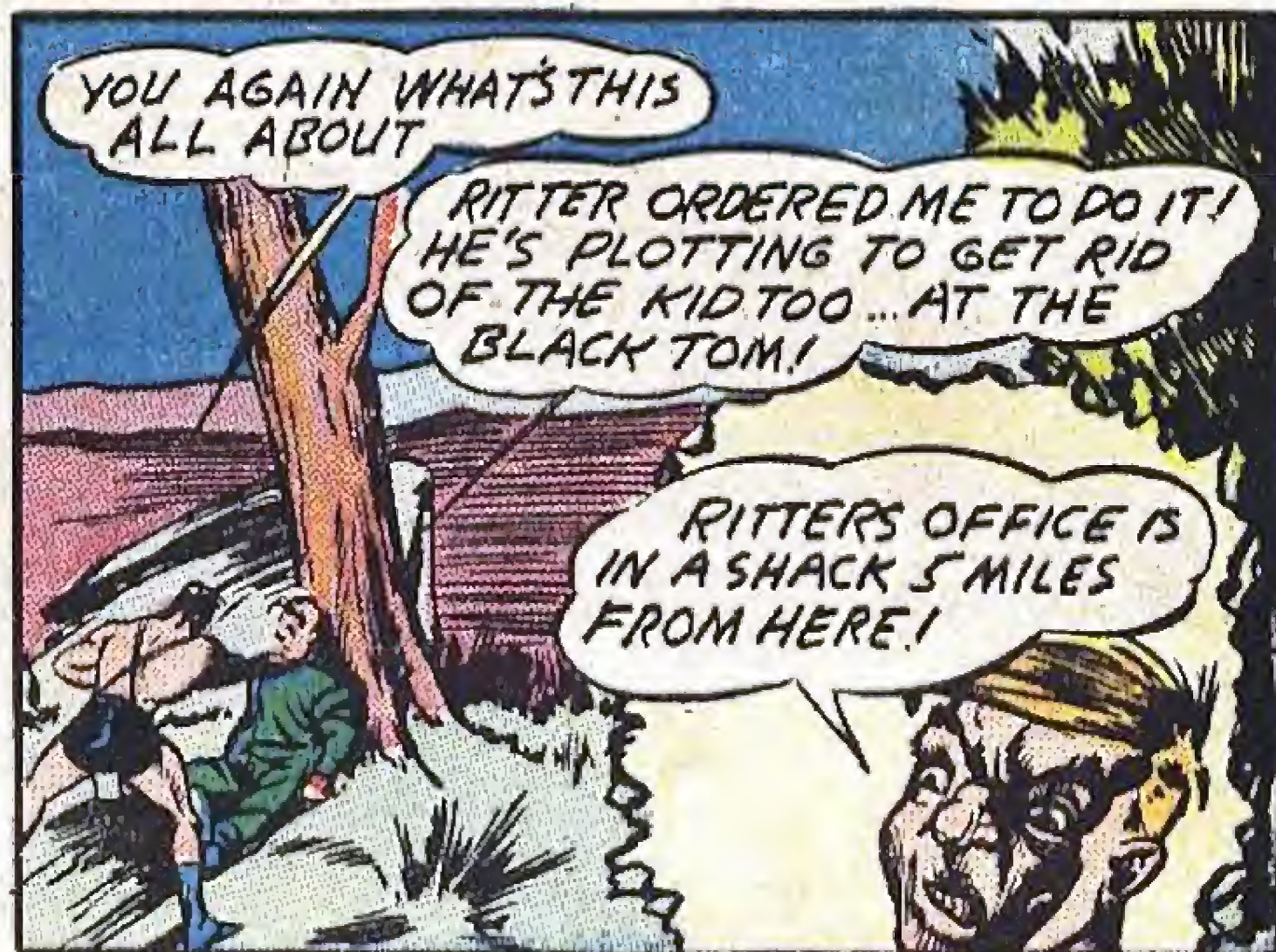
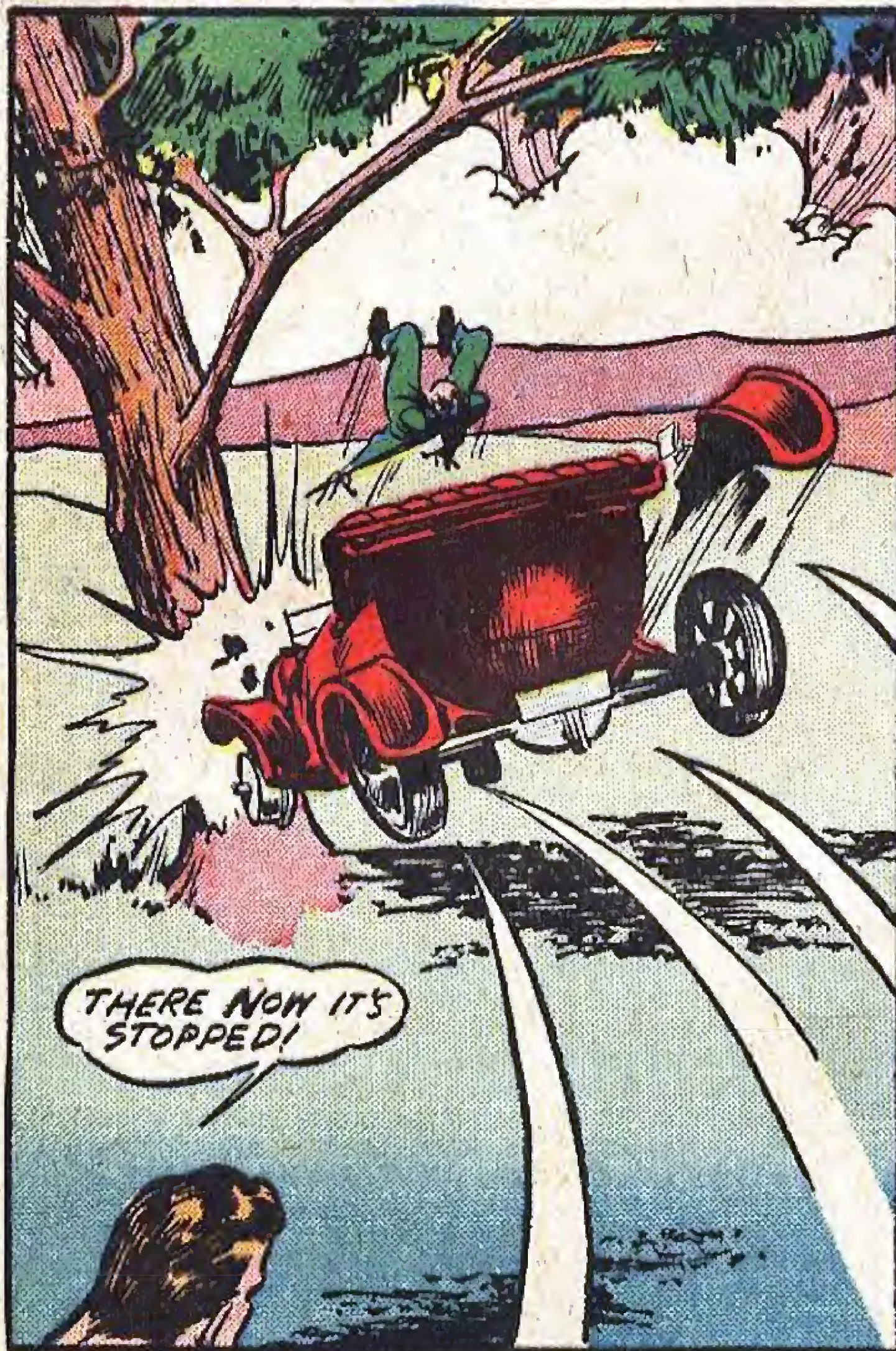
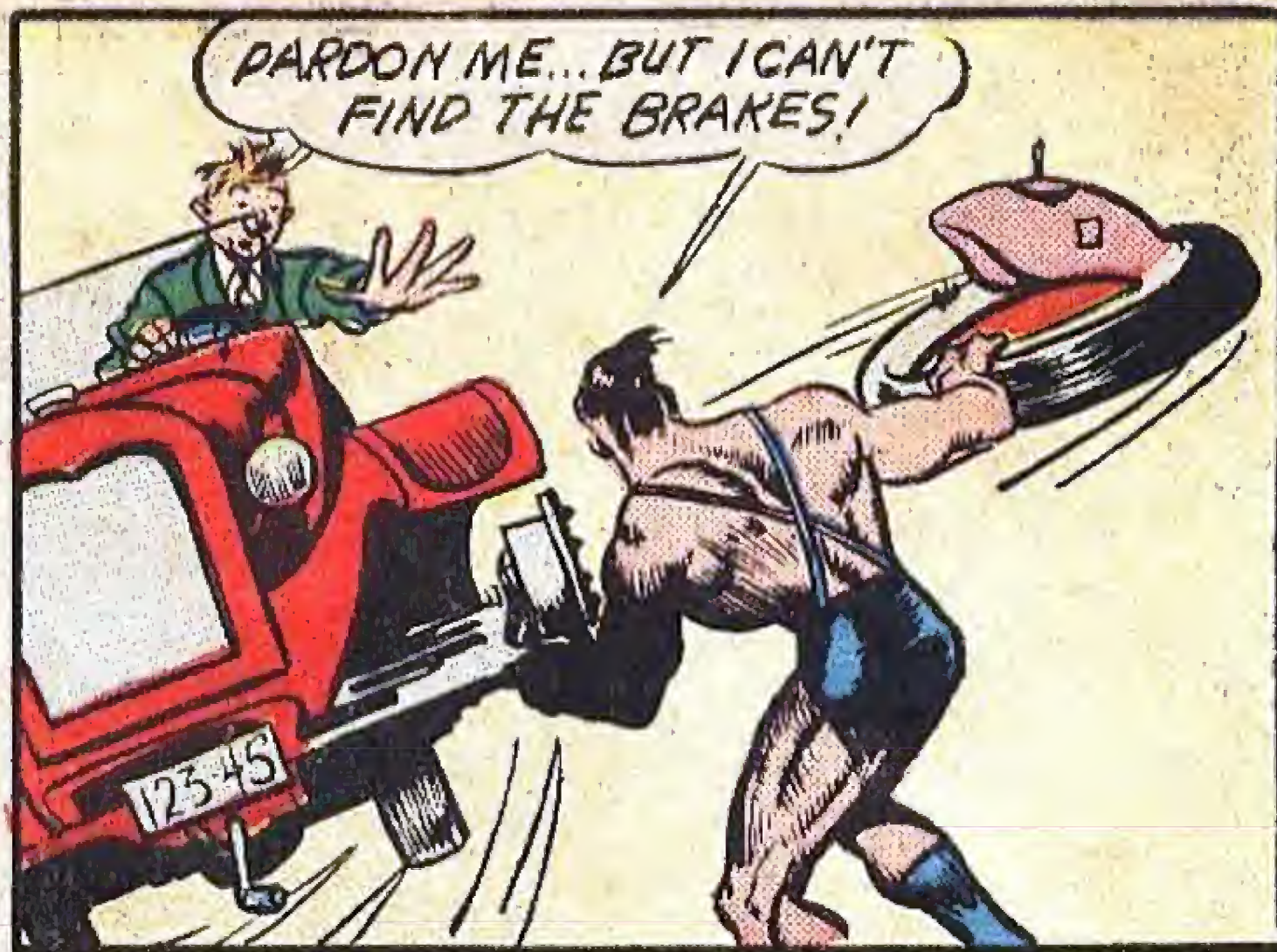
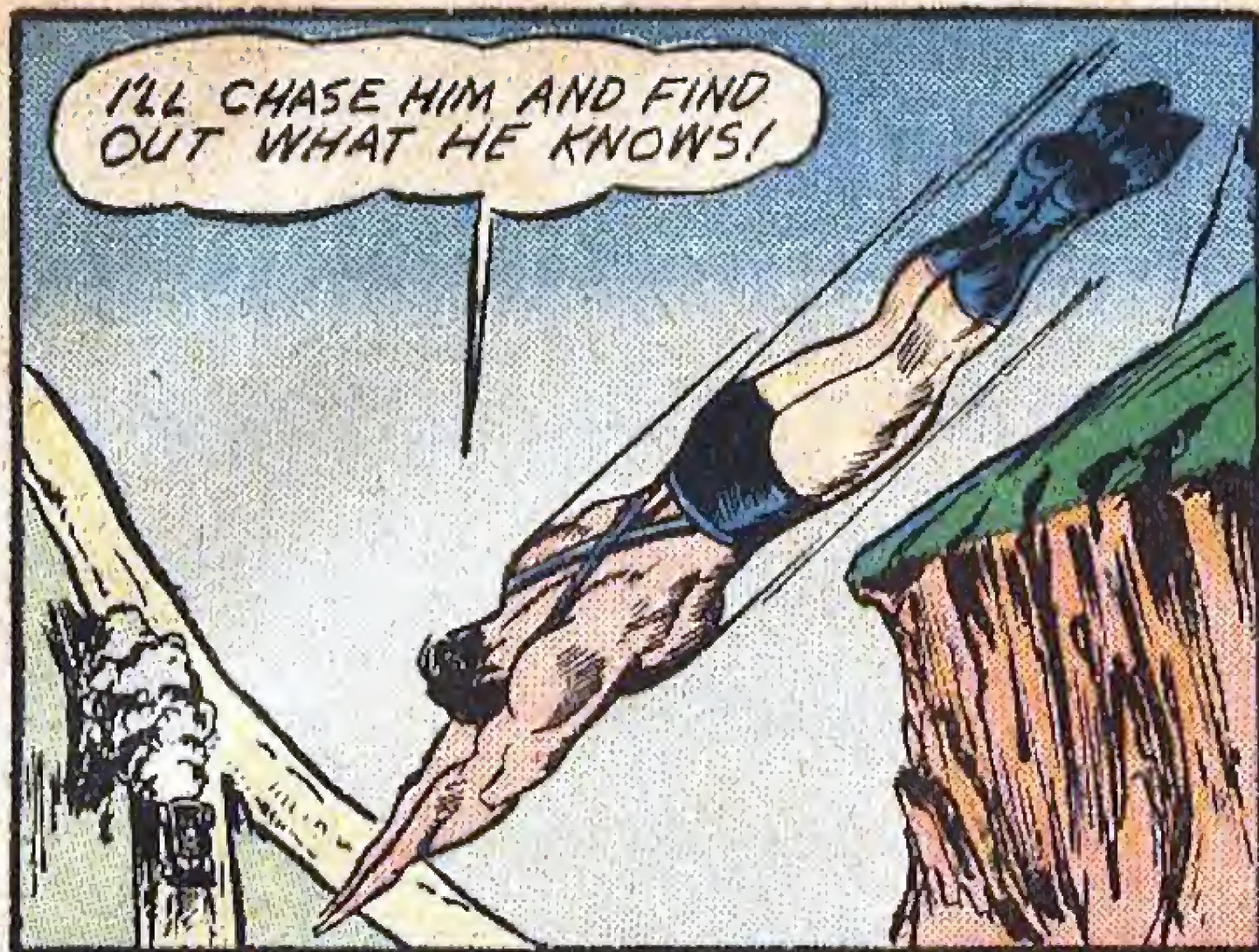








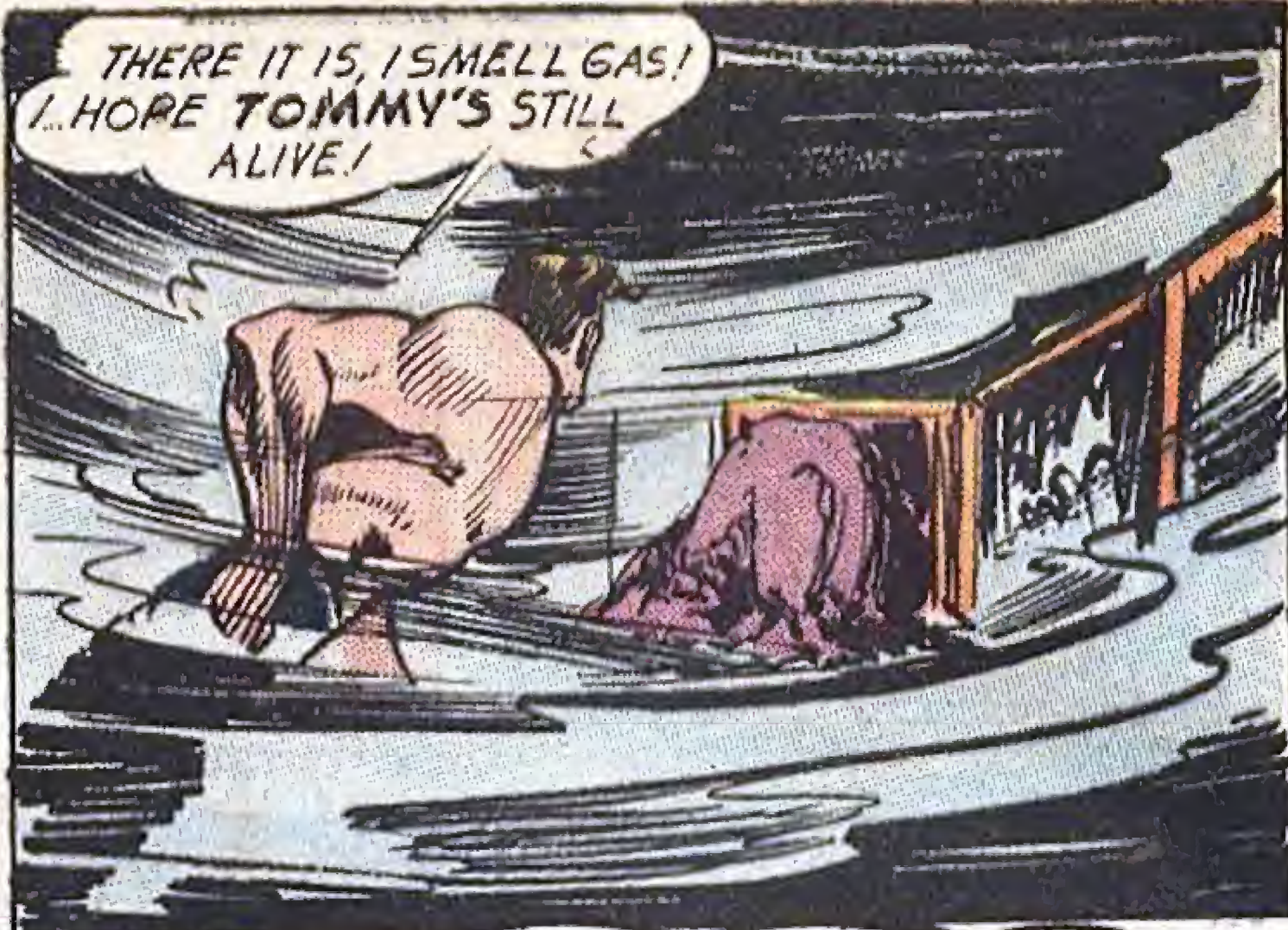








THESE TRACKS MUST LEAD TO THE WRECKED STOPE!



THERE IT IS, I SMELL GAS!  
I HOPE TOMMY'S STILL ALIVE!



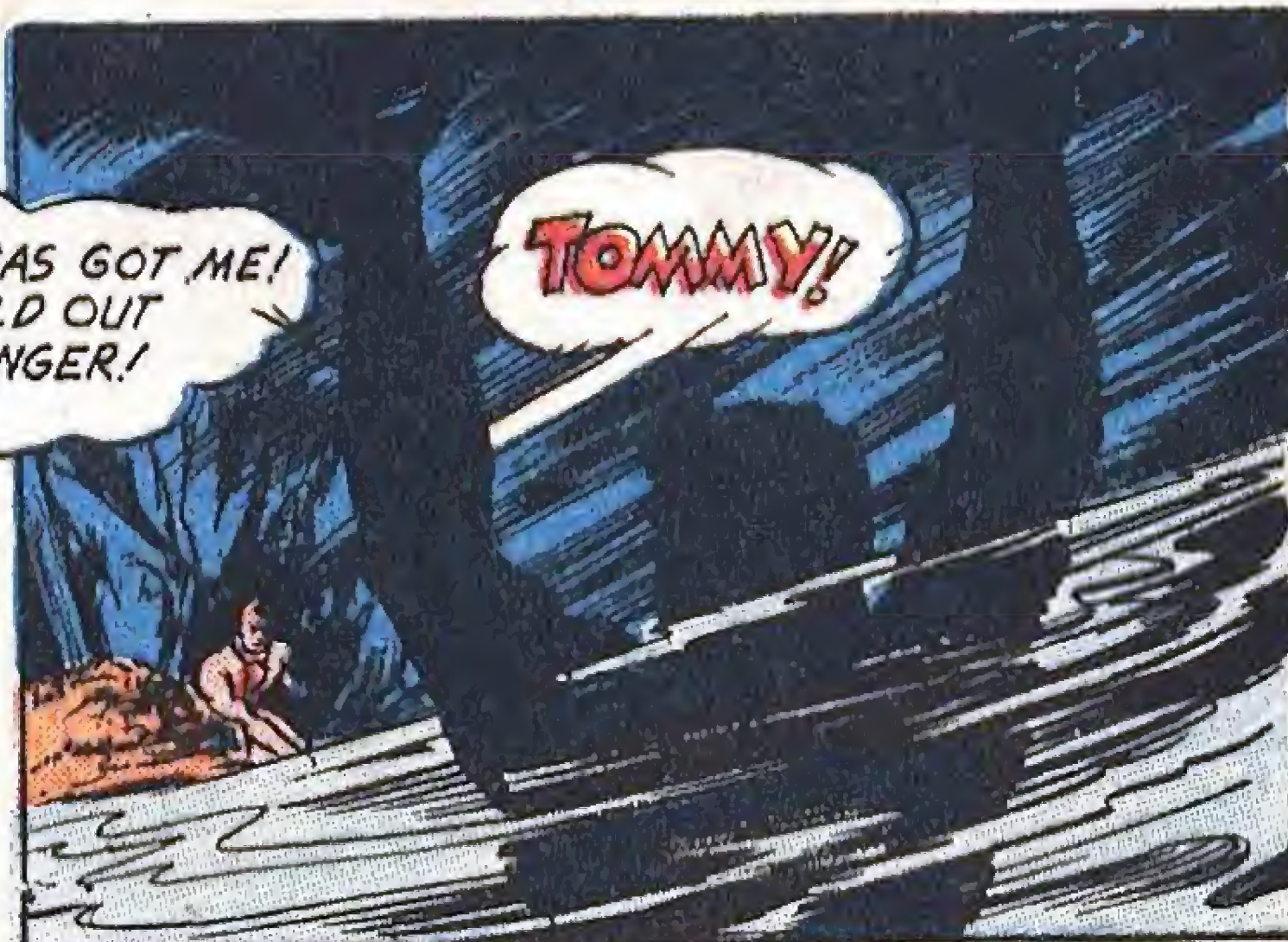
HELP!...GAS GOT ME!  
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HIS  
SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH,  
AMAZING MAN SMASHES  
HIS WAY THROUGH!...



DON'T MOVE THAT ONE! THE  
'WHOLE THING'LL  
COLLAPSE

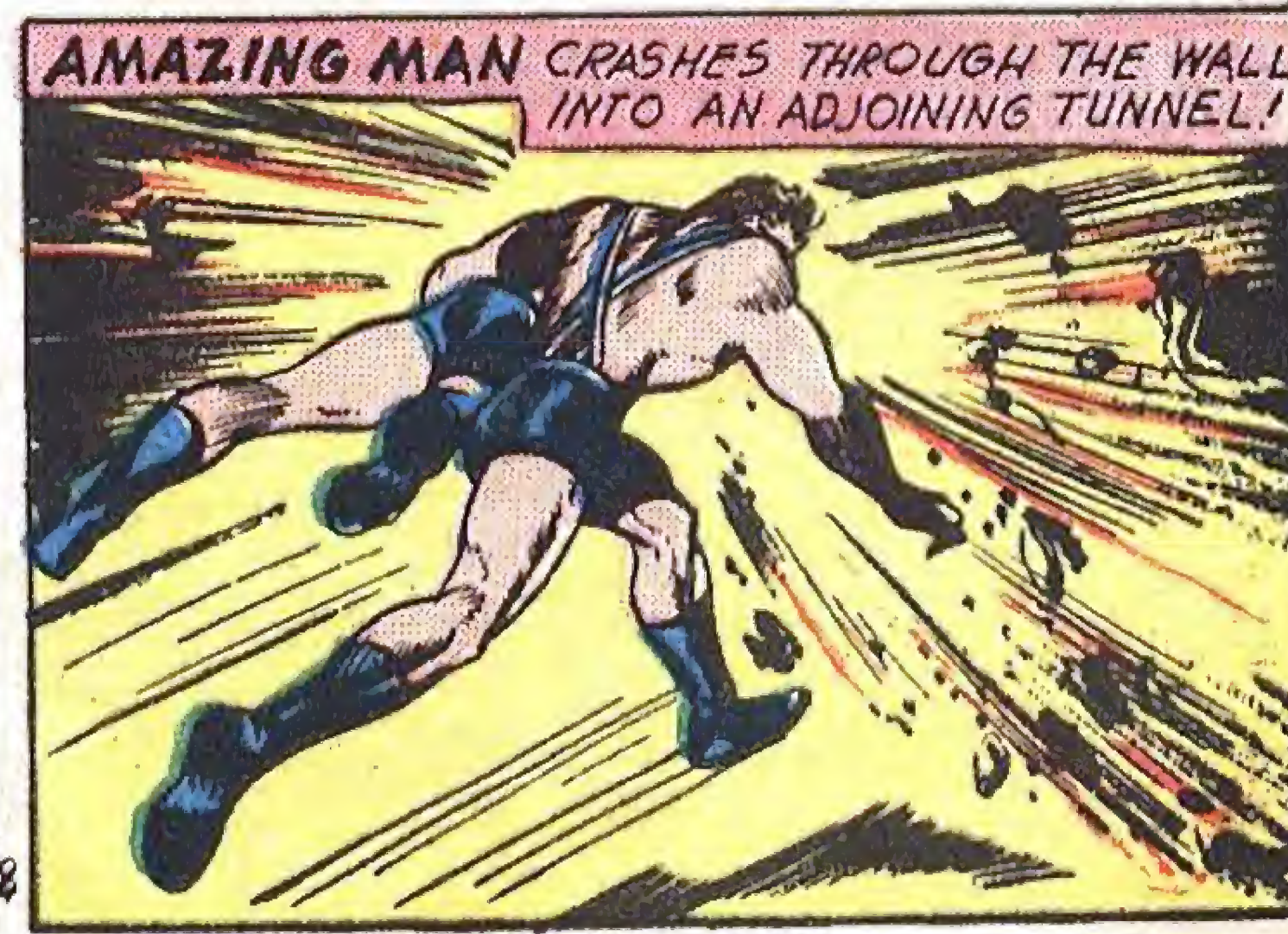
WHAT...TH...



**TOMMY!**

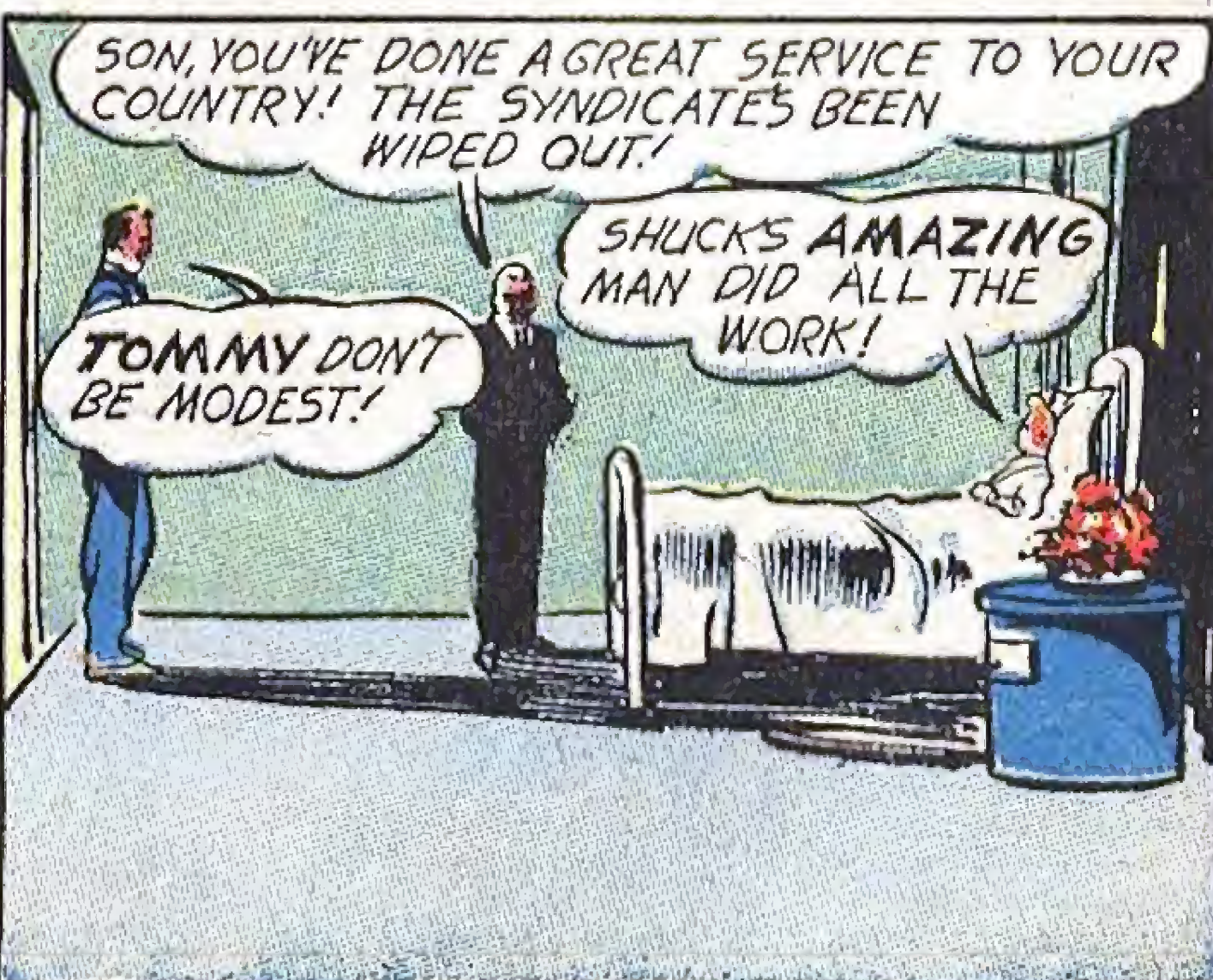
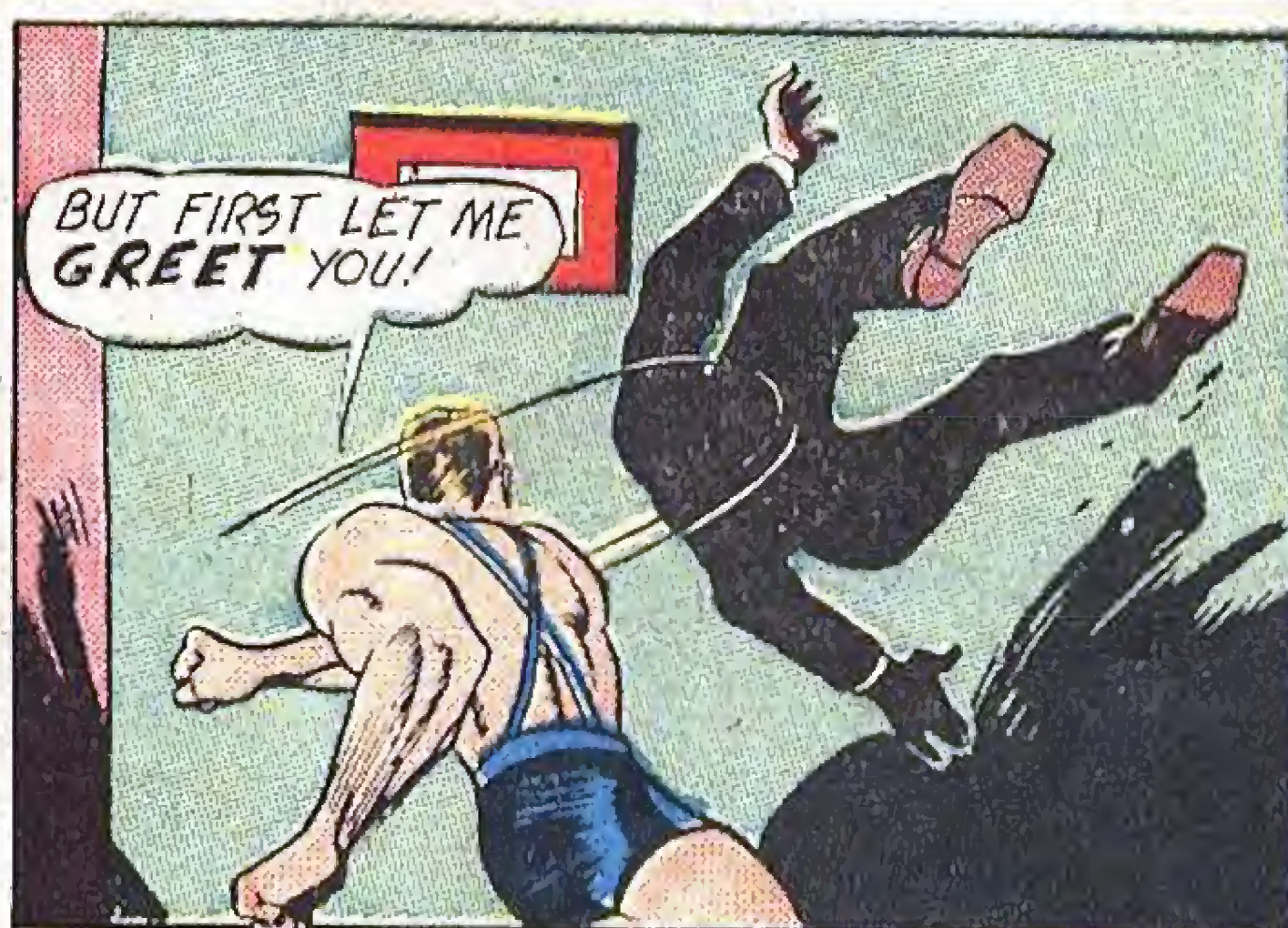
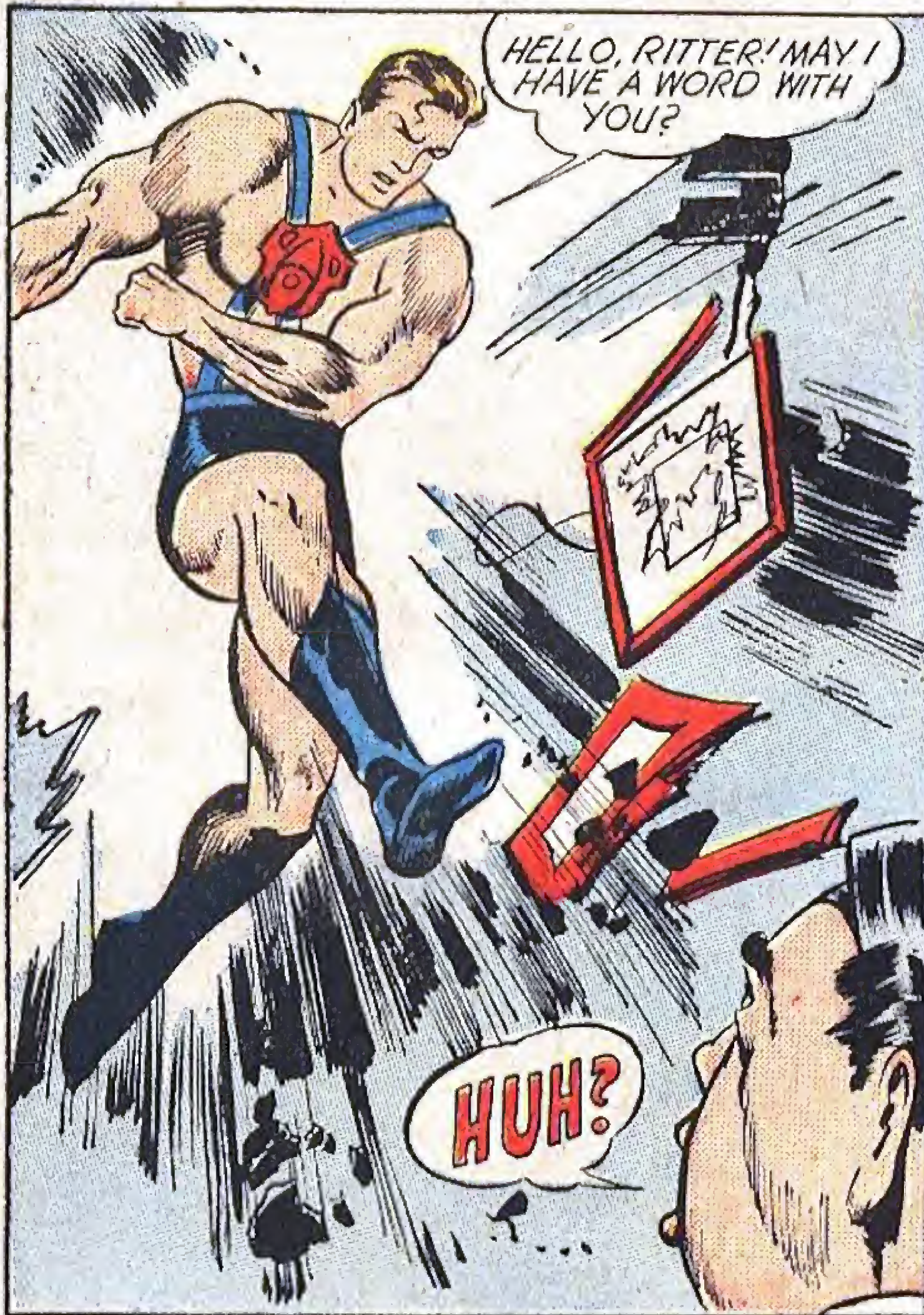
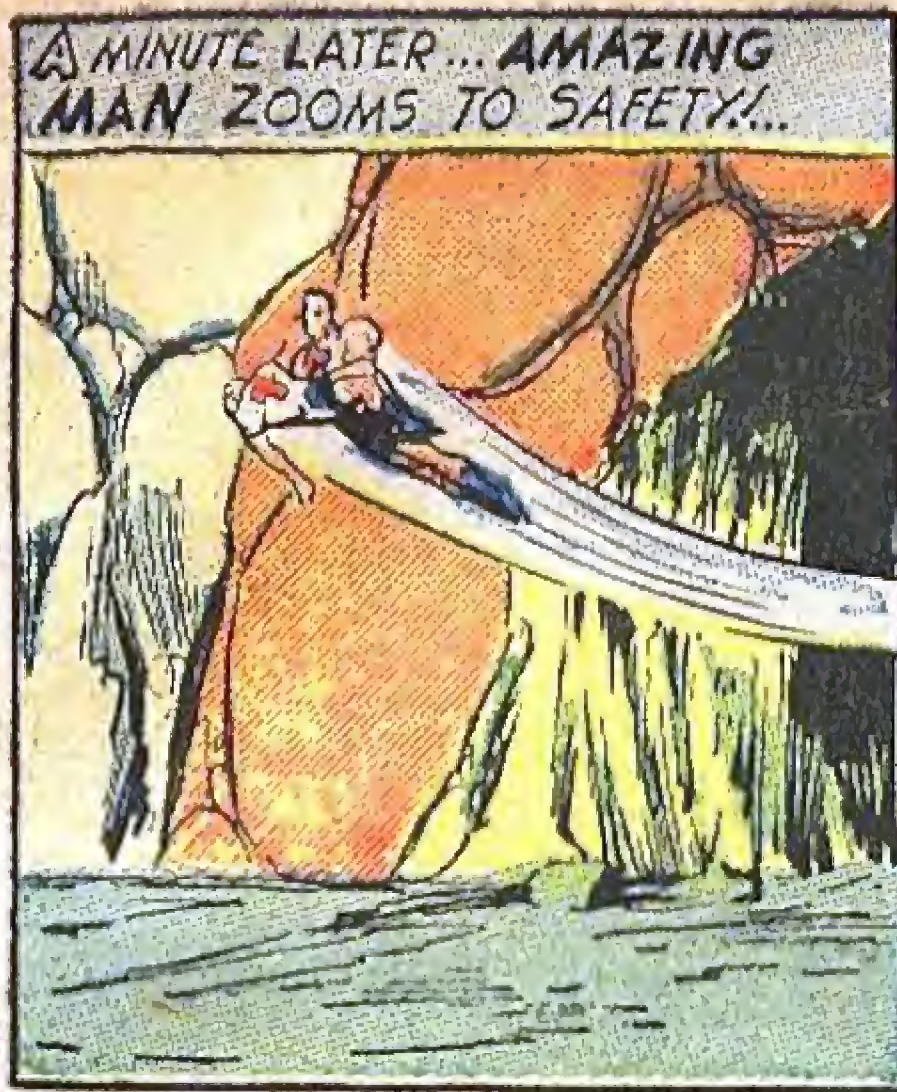


STICK TIGHT, TOMMY! GOTTA WORK  
FAST! IN A MINUTE THE WHOLE PLACE'LL  
CAVE IN!



AMAZING MAN CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL  
INTO AN ADJOINING TUNNEL!







# PRIZES! THEY'RE YOURS!



GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST!  
Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



Two famous Model Airplane Sets.  
BRITISH "SPITFIRE" and U.S. "AIRACOBRA." Both Given.



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Official size and weight. Pump given free.



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Get this cute little radio for your room.



GENE AUTRY  
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HOLSTER SET

You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



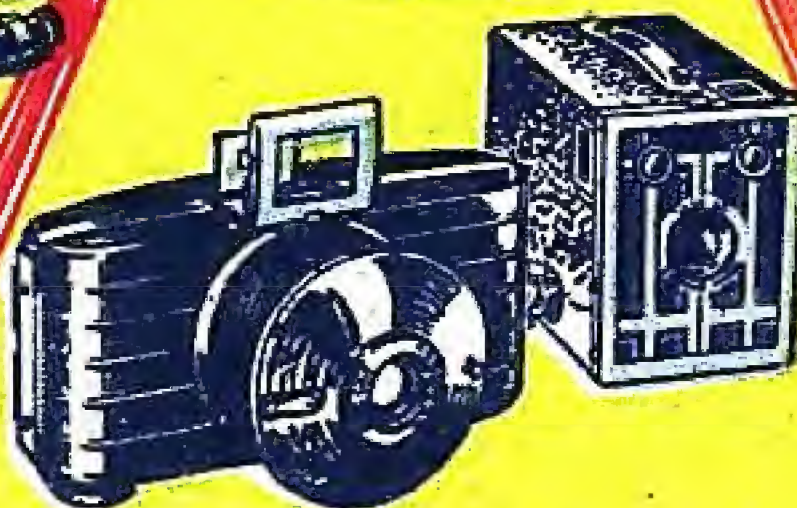
Girls! You'll love this full size TOILET & MANICURE SET for your dresser.

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RED  
RYDER  
CARBINE**

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HEY FELLOWS!  
Get Daisy's swell RED RYDER CARBINE. A light-n-ing-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle. A real he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also given.



Your choice of genuine EASTMAN CAMERAS. Bullet or Brownie.

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Any prize shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog is GIVEN WITHOUT COST for selling 40 Xmas packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors — a big value.

It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family, friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the \$4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.  
Dept. 609, Lancaster, Pa.

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Beautiful Lady Joan WRIST WATCH for Girls. Dainty oval dial. Smart link bracelet.

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 609, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_